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IN COBBETT'S COUNTRY.

A patch of plough, a little wood, a strip
Of meadowland that hugs the frugal
stream,

Still interlaced in sober-motley
scheme

Vary anew their threefold fellowship.

Each parcelled piece the straggling
hedgerows clip

Limns on the land the peasant-own-
er's dream,

Disowns the unkindly rich, and bids
redeem

That all-in-all the hoodwinked poor let
slip.

The terrain spells a charter. Here and
here

The squatter's axe, the adventurous
yeoman's blade,

Carried a point against the wild,
and men

Made the land human—every pioneer
So tamed his shrew—made each his

croft, and made

England out of the forest and the
fen.

J. S. Phillimore.

The Nation.

SHEPHERDS TO SHEPHERDS.

[An appeal to Oxford Scholars on behalf of
the Nashonas as against certain Mining In-
terests.]

Ye that love the sheepfold songs of the
dead so well—

Ye that dream white nights of yours
in deep Tempe's dell—

Ye that in your visions ply shepherd's
crook and reed—

Strive and cry for Arcady in her year
of need!

Rally to them in their strait, pasture,
tilth, and stall, —

Rally to our succor, ye, we be shep-
herds all!

Arcady? Yes, Arcady, ours the sacred
name!

What if this gray river-chine hath not
Ladon's fame?

In the chill vext mornings here goats
and goat-herds come,

In the still bright evenings hence wend
our cattle home.

Harsh the clash of locking horns!
How the red bull sways!

Chase the thieving goats away from
the tufted maize!

Yon black bull shall glut the feast that
shall bring the rain,

Yonder goat make glad his ghost, his
that sowed the grain.

Think ye that our threshing-floors are
of song forlorn?

Hark that music where our clubs
bruise the millet corn—

Beating till the green rough heaps spill
their treasure brown,

List the Lityerses-chant as they thun-
der down!

List a lilt of robber men come to drive
the cow!

List a lilt of one that's loth, will not
marry now!

Boorish though the burden be, ye will
understand,

Shadow of Theocritus! Ye will save
our land!

By the red ore that we forge, dashing
stone on stone,

By the thatched towns on the hills that
were once our own,

By our furrowed garden-ground, by our
dappled flocks,

By the graves our cold folk fill under
burning rocks,—

Rally to them in their strait, pasture,
tilth, and stall,

Rally to our succor, ye, we be shep-
herds all!

Arthur Shearly Cripps.

O, LITTLE FEET.

O, little feet, that with vain tender-
ness

We would have shielded on life's
thorny way:

Withdrawn from touch of ours, and
dear caress,

On what far summits do you walk
to-day?

A CENTURY OF SOCIALISTIC EXPERIMENTS.

If a detached spectator—a visitor from some other planet—were to give his attention to the socialistic movement of to-day, what would probably strike him as most curious is the fact that the men by whom this movement is represented are prepared to do anything on behalf of their principles and ideals, except to show that they are practicable by putting them into experimental practice. According to these theorists all economic problems would be solved if only the laborers could be masters of their own capital, and divide amongst themselves, on approximately equal terms, the entire product of their exertions. But, though the working-classes of this country, for example, are known to possess capital to the amount of something like £500,000,000, though it is claimed that socialism finds its chief support, not amongst the population of the slums, but amongst the more prosperous and skilled mechanics, by whom we may naturally assume that a large portion of this sum is owned, no attempts are made by them to employ this capital themselves under their own corporate direction, and in accordance with their own theories. If one-tenth of the upper stratum of the British working-class is socialistic, this body must possess a capital of at least £50,000,000; and if each member of it would venture as much as 4½d in the £, a capital of £1,000,000 might be very easily raised, with which to start some model enterprise. But nothing of this kind is attempted. Indeed, one British socialist alone, since the days of Robert Owen, has exhibited anything like business capacity at all. This man was William Morris; and he actually embarked in business in a highly successful way, as an artistic printer, and a

maker of artistic furniture. But, the moment he did so, he threw his socialism to the winds. He ran his business on strictly capitalistic lines. At the end of each of the beautiful books printed by him, were the words, "Printed by me, William Morris," not "Printed by the laborers known as William Morris and his associates." He not only followed the methods of capitalism, but he devoted himself to the production of luxuries which only capitalists could buy—carpets worth a guinea a yard, and books at twelve guineas a volume; and he ended by bequeathing to his heirs a comfortable "bourgeois" fortune in the approved manner of the men whom, theoretically, it was his object to exterminate.

Such is the case in the socialistic world to-day, but it has not been so always. People are apt to regard socialism, with its current ideas and catch-words, as a much newer thing than it is. As a matter of fact it existed, so far as its crucial ideas are concerned, at least fifty years before the word "socialism" was invented, as it was by Owen or his sympathizers, before George III was buried; and the earlier socialists, in the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century, were in one way distinguished very honorably from their successors, by the fact that they were not content with the mere promulgation of principles, but endeavored to make them prevail by translating them into industrial action.

One of the most remarkable of these attempts, and incomparably the most successful, was started nearly twenty years before the French Revolution, and was followed by a series of others for at least a century afterwards. The particular attempts to which I here refer, though they owed their inspiration to Europe, all took place in

America; and, though they do not stand alone, I shall confine myself here to these, because they have the advantage of having been studied systematically by careful and sympathetic observers—MacDonald, Noyes, and Nordhoff, of whom the two latter have devoted voluminous books to the subject. The latest of these books, that of Nordhoff, was published in 1875, almost exactly a century after the first of the experiments in question was inaugurated—namely that of the Shakers, in 1774.

In many respects the ideas at work in these societies were various, some of them being primarily religious, others aggressively secular: but even the societies in which the religious idea was paramount, had their purely material and economic side also: and, in so far as this side is concerned, their ideas and principles, even before the word "socialism" had been heard, were identical with those put forward by socialists at the present day.

In order to make this plain, it will be enough to take the two most important of the earlier of these religious communities—namely the Shakers, established in 1774, and the Rappites, established in 1805.

The founder or foundress of the Shakers was an English woman, Ann Lee, of humble birth, but of very remarkable character, who believed herself to be the recipient of a number of divine revelations, in accordance with which she migrated from England to America, where she succeeded in establishing a society consonant with her conception of the mind of Christ. The principle of this society, on its economic side, was that the members "should have," as she expressed it, "a united interest in all things": that the society, or as socialists would now say, the State, should be primarily the owner of whatever was produced by individuals, and should then dispense

to individuals whatever each might need, at the same time providing each with suitable and socially useful work.

The founder of the Rappites was George Rapp, the son of a small farmer in South Germany. He, too, like Ann Lee, developed early in life peculiar religious views; and in the year 1805 he, too, migrated to America taking with him some 300 followers, his object being to found a society in which Christ, when he came, should recognize the realization of his own will. Rapp was a man who, besides being a religious enthusiast, possessed great talent for business and the practical management of men, and the economic principles which were involved in his new society were set forth in a series of Articles of Association, which each member was required to sign. The first of these Articles constituted a deed of gift on the member's part of all property whatsoever possessed by him or her, no matter where situated, to George Rapp, and his heirs or assigns for ever, to be held and administered by him or them on behalf of the members generally, and the said George Rapp covenanted on his part, and on the part of his associates, and their successors, "that they would supply all the members severally with all the necessities of life," whether in youth or age, whether in sickness or health, together with all such "care and consolation" as their situations might "reasonably demand."

Here we see that, however far the religious ideas of these communities may seem to remove them from the majority of socialists to-day, they are both, on the economic side, animated by the same idea. All private interests, all special connections between work and reward, are to be abolished, or as far as possible minimized; and so long as each man does his best, one man's best is regarded as equal to the best of another. All are to labor with the same good will, and all are to have similar

claims on what would now be called "the social product."

Let us now turn from these pioneer communities to another group, the first of which was established just half a century after the successful establishment of the Shakers, and twenty years after that of the Rappites. Of this second group of experiments the inspirer and initiator was Owen, who hoped to accomplish in the New World, what he had failed to accomplish in the Old. Just as the Shakers and the Rappites were essentially religious, Owen was essentially a secularist, but his purely economic ideas were the same in essence as theirs. They were the same also as those to which forty years later Karl Marx gave what purported to be an exact scientific expression and which are still echoed to-day on a hundred socialistic platforms.

The connection of Owen the secularist with the fanatically Christian Rappites was incidentally of a very dramatic kind. About two years before Owen's arrival in America, the Rappites, who had acquired an estate and built a village in Indiana which they called Harmony, were desirous, for various reasons, of moving to another locality, if they could only find a purchaser for Harmony on sufficiently favorable terms. Such a purchaser they found in Owen. The estate of Harmony, comprising 30,000 acres, together with all the Rappite buildings, he bought outright, and entered into possession of it with nine hundred followers. At a meeting in the old public hall of the Rappites he enunciated to his followers the principles of the new venture: and it is interesting to note one pregnant sentence, which shows how far these principles accorded and how far they differed from those of the religious socialists, his predecessors. Mankind, said Owen, has hitherto been "crushed by a Trinity of Oppressors—Private

property, irrational religion, and marriage." With regard to the first, it will be seen that he and his predecessors were at one, and, in a certain sense, they were at one with regard to the third; but here, underlying their unity, there was one fundamental difference. To a certain extent the Rappites condemned marriage; but the Rappites condemned it because it involved sexual passion and relationships; and such they deemed incompatible with the highest human perfection. Owen condemned marriage, not because it involved sexual relationships, but because it embarrassed men by making such relationships sacramental. For the moment, however, we will confine ourselves to the economic side of the matter, and here we shall find that Owen and the apocalyptic visionary were at one. Owen called his society The New Harmony Community of Equality; and the economic basis of it was to consist, he said, of the following principles: "To unite separate interests into one, by doing away with divided money transactions, and by exchanging with one another all products on the basis of labor for equal labor." Here we have almost the words of Marx, uttered forty years before Marx made himself famous.

This was in 1825. Fifteen years later a yet more modern note was struck, that is to say about 1840, when a third class of socialistic experiments began to develop themselves under the influence of the ideas of Fourier. Fourier's root principle differed from Owen's in this, that, whereas Owen dwelt almost exclusively on the rights of labor, Fourier recognized those which arose from the possession of capital; but what he aimed at was so to distribute capital that every laborer should be a shareholder in a joint-stock enterprise, thus becoming, together with every one of his fellows, his own capitalist, in a sense his own employer,

and the recipient of a dividend resulting from his own investment. "The employers of to-day," said one of the leaders of the movement, "who are employers only because they monopolize capital, will thus disappear as individuals distinct from the laborers, and will reappear divided and multiplied in the persons of the laborers themselves."

I give these brief summaries of the utterances of these three schools of socialists—the essentially religious, such as the Shakers and the Rappites; the essentially secular, such as the Owenites; the primarily secular (though not essentially opposed to religion), such as the Fourierists—in order to show how closely the ideas of the men and women who sought to realize socialism in action a hundred and thirty, eighty-four and seventy years ago, resemble in their likenesses and their differences those which unite and which disunite the socialists of the present day.

And now, from the principles of these experimenters, let us turn to their practical policy, which was eminently reasonable. They all aimed at securing the triumph of socialism by means similar to those which resulted in the triumph of capitalism. Modern capitalism developed itself, and has spread itself throughout the civilized world because, wherever it was tried, it was found to work. Each factory successfully managed by a capitalistic employer gave birth to other factories; and the general triumph of the system was the multiplication of individual successes. The practical socialists with whom we are now dealing proposed to establish socialism in precisely the same way. Just as the units of success which have made up the general triumph of capitalism have been individual businesses managed by capitalistic employers and their partners, so these practical socialists proposed to secure the triumph of socialism through corresponding units of success, but

units of a different kind. Instead of establishing successful businesses, they aimed at establishing successful communities: and the difference between a business and a community was understood by them to be this. In an ordinary business, employer and employed alike work for the benefit of themselves and their individual families. In a socialistic community all would be one family. As matters stand, they argued, within the family circle economic advantages are shared, not divided. Wife, husband, children, all alike regard the common home as their own. They participate in the same meals. They have common rights in the hearth and the joint living-rooms. No one member of the family competes against any other. The gain of each is the gain of all. Each family group, in fact, is a miniature socialism in itself. In order, therefore, that socialism might be developed into a social system, the first thing to be done was, according to them, to enlarge the socialism of the family, so that a considerable number of men, women and children, might be welded together into a family of a larger kind, united, not by blood-relationship, but by a sense of human brotherhood. They very rightly recognized that an extension of these intimate bonds must have its limitations; and the idea common to all of them was to begin with an extended family, comprising from a few hundred up to, perhaps, a thousand persons. As soon as such a group has been once successfully established, their intention was that other groups should be established on the same principles, and in fraternal connection with it, so that these socialistic units would in time cover the earth. At all events, they realized that if an effective socialistic sentiment could not extend itself to a community of some hundreds of persons, it was hopeless to expect that it would extend

itself to the world at large, or even to an entire nation.

And now let us consider how these experiments worked. Those described by the writers I have mentioned are seventy-five in number, covering a period of almost exactly a hundred years. To examine all these in detail would be impossible, and it is unnecessary; for the fortunes of many were almost exactly similar. Some two-thirds came to nothing in the course of a few years or even sooner. Of the remaining third, all showed more vitality; and, though even of these the larger part were failures, they had so many elements of success in them that their failure is exceptionally interesting; whilst the comparative success and persistent life of nine possess for us, by the way of contrast, an interest which is still greater.

We will, therefore, select for special consideration those which have met with a success which, even if partial, was permanent, and those which, though failing ultimately, lasted for an exceptional time.

Of the permanently successful communities two of the most important were the earliest, the Shakers and the Rappites—both essentially religious. Both were flourishing in 1824, when Owen arrived in America as the first pioneer of socialism on a secular basis, or of the kind of socialism which to-day would be called scientific. Under the influence of Owen's principles ten communities or associations were started. Eight out of ten failed within two years. Only two lasted longer. One of these consisted of only fifteen persons, it is not a very instructive example. The other—and this alone is important—was the community of New Harmony, which had at one time a membership of nine hundred, which was equipped with a large capital, and organized by Owen himself. Of the amended class of experiments which

followed on the failure of the Owenite, and which were based on the principles of Fourier—principles fundamentally secular though capable of being associated with religion—the number was much greater, amounting to nearly fifty. Several of these lasted so long as four years. One lasted for five, another for six, another for twelve years. These three last mentioned communities, or as they were called, Phalanxes, are all that we need consider now. They are the Brook Farm Phalanx; the Wisconsin Phalanx, and the North American Phalanx. Of the semi-successful failures, then, we have four cases to consider—these three, animated by the scientific but permissively religious principles of Fourier; and their predecessor, New Harmony, animated by the scientific and aggressively secular principles of Owen.

Owen's great experiment started, in many respects, under exceptionally favorable auspices. Owen himself, unlike the majority of most sincere socialists, was a practical business man. He had, indeed, made a fortune as a mill owner; and he was able to put into the undertaking some £30,000 of capital. He purchased, as has been seen, a large estate with a commodious village ready-made on it, and in a few months he had collected a population of many hundred persons, all eager to escape from the constraints and other evils of the capitalistic system, and to enjoy a world transformed by the magical wand of socialism. Beside providing land, houses, and capital, he provided the community also with a definite economic constitution. The management of all industry was vested in a "Preliminary Committee," which started a variety of manufacturers, and other businesses, the products of which were to be shared without charge amongst all. An apothecary distributed drugs gratis to all who needed them. A general store supplied "all necessities to

the inhabitants" on the same terms. Education was considered public property, and all the children received free meals and clothing. Free music was provided by a public band. There were also free dances and games, which anticipated the ideas of the most enterprising Progressives of to-day.

Owen, having placed matters on this satisfactory footing, was called back, for nine or ten months, to England, and on his return to New Harmony he made some disappointing discoveries. The Preliminary Committee had been unable to conduct industry efficiently, and the majority had developed inclinations to talk rather than work. Owen, therefore, reconstituted the managing body, putting an Executive Council in place of the Preliminary Committee. The Executive Council, however, did no better than its predecessor, and Owen was ultimately called upon to take the reins into his own hands, and become, for a time at all events, a dictator. No sooner had he done this than matters began to mend. Different groups of laborers fell into their proper stations. Industry took the place of oratory; and everything appeared to be so prosperous that applications for admission to the community were made faster than they could be entertained. Owing to this cause and to others, it presently came about that the parent community divided itself into several, each having allotted to it a portion of the communal estate, and trading with the others by means of paper money, in accordance with the great principle of labor for equal labor. Each of these communities was managed by its own council; but the councils soon showed themselves so little up to their work, that all the communities demanded at a general meeting that these bodies should be dissolved, and the principle of a dictatorship revived. Each of the three new communities was to have a dictator of

its own, appointed by Owen, who was himself to be dictator of the first. This step was taken, with results that were at first promising, but promising for a time only. It gave rise before long to a crop of dangerous jealousies, which nothing availed to check. One man, or one group, or one part of a group, wanted one thing; another wanted another: and consumption to an increasing degree ran ahead of production. There were only two articles of which the supply did not fall short of the demand. One was glue and the other was soap. Nothing could check the discontent, the disagreements and disappointments which the socialistic régime was causing; so that finally, as the only way to make the best out of a bad matter, Owen began to sell portions of general property to individuals. The effect was magical. There was a new outburst of energy. Facing the socialistic tavern a private grocery was established; signboards began to show themselves on the buildings, announcing the establishment of private trades and manufactures. Under these conditions Owen determined to abandon his enterprise, and allow his Utopia to lapse, as he saw it was bound to do, into a community of men and women pursuing their individual interests, and indistinguishable from the citizens of the ordinary world around them.

Such, then, was the result of Owen's attempt to free mankind from the Trinity of oppressors—Private property, irrational religion, and marriage; and the other attempts made under the influence of Owen's principles came to an end even more rapidly than his own.

Let us now turn to the amended socialism of the Fourier group. Of these the most widely known is the Brook Farm experiment, which was started in 1842 on lines peculiar to itself, but which, a few years later, was reconstituted in accordance with

the theories of Fourier, adopting a new name—that of the Brook Farm Phalanx. Brook Farm is remarkable on account of the character of its chief projectors. They were persons of some means, high education and fastidious culture, the philosophic Emerson being a prominent figure amongst them. Philosophy, a poetic religiosity, and sensitive and fastidious refinement, were their distinguishing characteristics; and their original aim was to found, as they put it themselves, a sort of university, or secluded college, which should give to the world a pattern of what life ought to be. The first requisite was, according to their theory, that this college should be self-supporting—that the labor of the members should produce the income on which they lived. It was, therefore, to have an agricultural basis. As soon as might be practicable it was to develop all necessary manufactures; “but a true life,” said the projectors, “though it aims beyond the highest star, must always remain redolent of the healthy earth, and the perfume of clover must linger about it.” With these charming objects in view their first practical rule was that all “labor, bodily or intellectual,” was to receive the same reward, on the ground that though intellectual labor is, in a sense, higher than bodily, it is more agreeable to those who perform it, and thus spiritually provides itself with whatever extra wages may be due to it. All would thus enjoy a position of material equality; and so efficient would labor be when prosecuted on these ideal terms, that the university would soon be providing itself with all the reasonable “elegancies as well as with the comforts of life, with all the means of study, and all the means of beautiful amusement,” by the expenditure of so few hours of ordinary work daily, that the settlement would be a paradise of leisure, unequalled in the outside world.

This community consisted of 115 members; and the account which they gave of themselves, when, after the first two years of their experiences, they framed a new constitution in accordance with the principles of Fourier, throws some light on what their history, as read by themselves, had been. “Every step,” they said, “has strengthened the faith with which we set out . . . and the time has passed when even initiative movements ought to be prosecuted in silence.” They were convinced, they said, that Fourier was right in his view that socialism was to be propagated by groups, which would multiply in proportion to the examples of practical success achieved by them. What was wanted was a socialistic community which would be a light shining before men; and only a little fresh aid on the part of sympathizers was now necessary to enable Brook Farm to accomplish this high destiny. We have already, they said, got through the rough preliminary work. Our original capital of £6,000 has been increased by a fresh subscription of £2,000. We have made agricultural improvements; we have built a large work-shop for mechanics, we are building one wing of our great unitary dwelling, a hundred and forty feet long. Nothing is wanting now but some addition to our capital; and though in all human investments there is, of course, a theoretical possibility of loss, “we have arrived at a point where this risk hardly exists. . . . We have before us a solemn and glorious work—to prepare for the time when the nation, like one man, shall reorganize its townships on the basis of perfect justice, such as ours.”

Not long after these inspiring statements had been made, a misfortune occurred which had nothing to do with socialism. One of the main buildings, before it had reached completion,

caught fire, in consequence of the bad construction of a chimney, and was destroyed. This disaster, though the pecuniary loss it involved was estimated to have been not more than £1,400, proved sufficient to ruin the community which was on the point of reforming the whole social system of the world. The apologists of the enterprise endeavored to account for its failure on various grounds. One was that the locality, which they had originally declared to be ideal, was "most unfavorable," that their capital, of which they had originally boasted as one of their most important assets, amounted practically to nothing, and that the members were all deficient in two things yet more important—one being "industrial experience," and the other "industrial capacity." Of these deficiencies more will be said presently. It is enough to say, for the moment, that Brook Farm, when dissolved as a community, came to life again, but in an entirely changed form. It came to life in the persons of some few of its members, not as an ideal community, but as the proprietors and editors of a journal called *The Harbinger*, which they devoted as theorists to the impassioned advocacy of principles, of which, as practical men, they had done nothing but exhibit the failure.

They themselves had, however, some justification for their optimism in the fact that they were able to point to two other associations, similar in character to their own, namely the Wisconsin Phalanx and the North American, which seemed to be pushing matters to a more successful issue. Let us now give our attention to these.

The Wisconsin Phalanx, which was started about two years later than Brook Farm, comprised about 150 persons. They had sufficient capital to purchase 1,800 acres, with a powerful stream and a saw-mill. Their first

care was to organize their laborers into groups, and they succeeded so well that within the space of a year they had raised considerable crops, constructed a flour mill, a general shop, a wash-house, a shoemaker's shop and a smithy; and, besides other minor buildings, had nearly finished a great communal residence, 280 feet long and more than 30 in breadth. The original value of their property, estimated by the price they paid for it, was a little under £4,000. In two years' time, through their buildings and other improvements, they claimed to have increased its value by about £1,000, which comes to an annual saving of about £4 4s. per head. During the next twelve months the capital increased further, and now at the rate of about £5 per head. The net income of the community was about £8 10s per head. The Wisconsin Phalanx, indeed, so far as their corporate property was concerned, appear to have made a continuous though slow advance. Nevertheless, accounts of their proceedings, published from time to time by their officials, seemed to outside observers almost too good to be true, and enquiry on the spot by a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* brought to light some very interesting particulars, which showed that this impression was correct. He found that the dwellings of the members were such as few ordinary laborers in the Eastern States would be contented to live in; and, such as they were, they shocked him by the condition in which they were kept. Of this fact the inhabitants gave him the most significant explanation, that they were too much occupied "in the struggle for the necessities of life" to have time to think of such superfluous things as neatness. It further transpired that not a few of their number had been driven, for part of the time, to work for wages for outside employers, either because

the managers of the Phalanx could find no work at all for them, or else because the work found for them was not sufficiently profitable to supply them with their simple needs. Jealousies, more over, had developed themselves between the mechanics and the agricultural workers. But a course of discontent and difference much more important than this arose in connection with the question of separate and associated living. Should each family have its own home, as it has in the outer world, or should all lodge under a common roof and share a common table? The advocates of communal living had at last carried the day, but a large majority protested. Mothers, especially, complained that this system of living interfered with their relations with their children, and robbed them of their power of exercising a mother's care. The final result was that individualism was driven to revolt. The private family found the communal family intolerable, and at last the drama of Owen's New Harmony re-enacted itself. The communal property was sold in separate lots, most of the members becoming purchasers; and the socialistic Utopia, after six years of life, reconstructed itself in the form of an ordinary village. Financially this enterprise was so far successful that its capital had increased at the rate of about 8 per cent. per annum, yielding an average increment to each member of £12 12s., or a bonus of £2 2s. annually, besides having distributed wages at the rate, first of 2½d. and subsequently of 3½d. per hour. But this financial progress, although steady, had been small and disappointing. The general social conditions proved more disappointing still, and one of the members adds that this disappointment was felt most acutely by the men of light and leading, who soon began to feel that their faculties were hampered by their socialistic surroundings, and were anx-

ious on the first opportunity to return to the outside world.

We come now to the North American Phalanx, which was, as Noyes says, the great test experiment on which the later socialistic movement in America "staked its all." In this Phalanx, which purported to be founded on a thoroughly thought out and scientific theory of society, "we have," said one of its founders, "the relation of employer and employed stricken out of the category of relations, not merely as in the joint-stock corporations (such as Brook Farm and Wisconsin) by substituting for the individual employer the still more despotic and irresistible corporate employer; but by every one becoming his own employer, doing that which he is best qualified to do by endowment, and receiving for his labor precisely his share of the product. . . . [We aim at showing] man's capacity for increased production by establishing true social relations . . . and that men [emancipated from employers] may by their own efforts, command all the means of life." As to sexual relationships, "we leave our members free," though the present institution of marriage "we regard generally as rotten." "We claim also that we guarantee the sale of the products of industry, that is we secure the means of converting any and every product of fruit or labor at the cost thereof into any other form, also at cost."

This Association, which was started in 1844 and lasted for twelve years, claimed that it doubled its original capital in the course of the first eight years, the amount credited to each family being at one time not less than £700. This yielded an annual interest of about £35. Wages amounted to an average of 15s. a week, or £75 a year for a man and his wife together, so that family incomes would average about £110. Such was the account

given by one of the heads of the association in 1852.

Let us now take a look at this association in action, as at various stages of its career it presented itself to sympathetic visitors. In the summer of 1845, the second year of its existence, a visitor gives us a picture of a specimen day of haymaking. The whole community seemed to take to work as if it were some happy game. A simple but plentiful dinner was served in a common hall, water being the only beverage. After dinner they worked again till evening, and the younger members ended up with a dance. A year later, another visitor, though he makes a mysterious allusion to the sacrifices made by the members, speaks in glowing terms of their health, their hopes and their happiness. A third visitor, in 1847, bears testimony likewise to the general harmony and content. He found the younger girls ornamented with wreaths of flowers. The next account that has been preserved is dated four years later. The writer arrived at night. He found the communal building full of dancing and music, and the lighted windows made him fancy that he had arrived in fairyland. He had a kindly welcome, a good supper in a dining-hall, and a bed-room which was clean, though carpetless. Next day Mr. Sears, the principal, gave him all the information he asked for; but another prominent member, to whom Mr. Sears passed him on, seemed to be suspicious and irritable, as though fancying that the visitor had come to spy out shortcomings, and began to discuss the reasons why socialistic experiments always failed. Another person—a woman—descanted on the same subject. But, in spite of these warning symptoms, all seemed to be prosperous. A year later the same visitor found that the wages of labor had undergone a slight increase, that the

communal method of feeding had been changed to that of an ordinary restaurant, where popular prices were charged and everybody ordered what he liked. This change appeared to give great satisfaction. Moreover, a new member had arrived, bringing with him a substantial capital; but this member insisted on building a private house for himself, and living in it in his own way. At a later date we learn that various other members began to admit privately that, though the socialistic life was not without its advantages, they could do better for themselves financially by working as individuals in the world. Again, a little later the significant fact is recorded that, though the Association was said at one time to have had a capital which yielded an average of £700 per family, very few of them really had managed to save anything, and that such of them as did save were beginning to invest their savings, not in the stock of the Association, but in outside enterprises of the ordinary capitalistic kind. The men who had eagerly joined the Association on the ground that its object was to abolish the category of employer and employed, to make every man his own employer, and enable him to work according to his own propensities and endowments, began to complain about the fatal inefficiency of management, and of laborers whose labor was wasted for want of officers competent to direct them. Some men there were, so one correspondent writes, whose talents raised them above the rest, and exercised some controlling influence; but these men were divided into two classes—the men of sentiment and ideals, whose one desire was to give everybody the best of everything, not perceiving that their expenditure would thus outrun the communal income; and men, on the other hand, of certain business capacity, who saw that if much was to be distributed much must be

first produced. But, unfortunately, as this writer goes on to observe, the former—the theoretical sentimentalists—had the gift of persuasive speech, whilst the men of business had not, and so the former gained the day. Incompetent management brought its inevitable penalties, and the time arrived when provisions would often fail, and hardly anything was to be had for breakfast. Then, as in the case of Brook Farm, an accidental calamity happened. One of their principal buildings was destroyed by fire. This was the finishing stroke, and though the loss did not amount to more than a tenth of their nominal capital, and though Horace Greely offered to do more than make it good, the general opinion of the members was that affairs were hopeless, and after twelve years of existence the North American Phalanx, which was by its assured success to light all men on the way to socialism was dissolved. Its property was sold and its socialized acres reverted to the ownership of unregenerate individualists.

Such were the typical ways in which, when Noyes wrote his book in 1870, sixty-six out of seventy-five attempts at practical socialism had failed. Nine, however, within certain limits, succeeded. By comparison with others they may be said to have succeeded signally. When Noyes wrote, and when Nordhoff wrote some years later, they were all of them still flourishing. One of them had been in existence for a hundred years. The chief of these were the Shakers, the Rappites, the Zoar Community, the Ebenezer Community, and the Oneida Community. Noyes described some of them as being not only flourishing, but also very wealthy. As to the wealth of those whom he calls very wealthy, too much stress must not be laid on this, for of the two communities to whom he specially refers, though both were organ-

ized internally on socialistic principles, one comprised from the first men of large property, who endowed the community as other men have endowed colleges, whilst the other invested its savings in enterprises external to itself, such as railways and oil-wells, from which, like any ordinary capitalist, it derived an increasing revenue. But apart from this fact, all these communities prospered from their own internal industry no less remarkably than those which we have just been considering, failed.

To what distinguishing feature, then, is the difference in their fortunes due? Is there any essential feature in which they all differed from the rest? As Noyes points out, there is one distinguishing feature which we find common to all of them. These successful communities were one and all religious. Their religion was not permissive, as it was at Brook Farm or in the North American Phalanx. It was a definite and fundamental creed. It determined their entire constitution. Their economic systems grew out of it. It was not an accessory or ally of their economic systems. In other words, these successful communities closely resembled the monastic orders of Catholicism; and when we remember that not a single one of them was Catholic—that, on the contrary, the inspiration of all of them was of the extremest Protestant type, it is hard to imagine a fact more curious and more interesting than this. In the first place, like the Catholic Orders, these communities appealed to the elect few only—to those who had a special vocation; and their invitation to produce and to possess was primarily an invitation to renounce. The case of the Shakers' communities, which have had the longest life of all, illustrates this most notably. The socialism of the Shakers is founded on strict celibacy, and their members are

recruited only from postulants from the outer world, selected with the most stringent care. The Rappites, the Zoarites, and the Ebenezers, though not forbidding marriage, look on it as a concession to the frailty of man's nature, and they made of the bridal garments a hair shirt of contrition. The love of women for them is essentially a wile of the devil, and all daily intercourse between the sexes is subjected to the severest discipline. The only exception is that of the Oneida Community, of which I will speak presently.

But this monastic attitude towards marriage, with all that is implied in it, forms only one feature of their systems. A monastic discipline pervades their entire conduct of life. The Shakers will not receive very young persons as members. They only receive those who have had enough experience of life to show that they differ in character from the majority of men and women, and are emancipated from man's normal impulse to pursue individual interest. Even those admitted must undergo a year's novitiate, and before the year is over most of the novices depart. The first question asked of each postulant is not, "Do you believe in the rights of labor, and would you if you could, annihilate all capitalists?" It is "Are you sick of sin, and do you want salvation from it?" Then, if to this question the postulant answered "Yes," the next act imposed on him in this home of Socialistic Protestantism, is the act of oral confession, as though he were a Catholic ascetic preparing to receive the Sacrament. Two elders take the place of, a priest; and the questions asked are in many minute particulars identical with those asked the penitent in the confessionals of the Catholic Church. To read an account of a day passed in one of these communities is like reading an account of a day passed amongst Trappists.

Meals, work, recreation, prayer, are all regulated by the sound of a conventual bell. Meals are eaten in silence, the sexes sitting apart, and entering and departing in solemn procession by different doors. Next to chastity their great obligation is obedience. All the work of the community is directed by elders, who alone have the power to transact business, to handle money, or deal with the outside world. And in the other religious communities the discipline, though less strict, is similar.

What, then, are the conclusions to be deduced from all these facts? The main conclusions which at once come to the surface are three. One is that, however socialism in practice may aim at abolishing the category of employer and employed, it has only prospered in proportion as it maintained and accentuated the category of the directors and the directed, and utterly eradicated the principles of self-employment, in the sense of leaving the laborer to work in accordance with his own discretion. Another conclusion is that, in proportion as the individualistic motive is abolished, and exceptional talents are deprived of any corresponding rewards which will raise their possessors above the common lot, nothing will induce such exceptional talents to exert themselves, unless it is that ascetic enthusiasm which religion alone can generate. And behind these two conclusions there remains a third, which is this—that the individualism of the ordinary world—the desire of each to possess in accordance with his own powers of production, and to retain for himself such advantages as his own efforts have gained, has its deepest roots in marriage and the passions of the individual family, and that, therefore, in order to make socialism possible, marriage and the individual family are the ultimate factors which must be eradicated.

This is not only an inference which we, as critics, can draw from these experiments. It was definitely recognized at the time by the more thoughtful of the experimenters themselves. One of the promoters of the Brook Farm experiment described the affections "out of which our present family relations spring" as the fundamental factor on which all other arrangements hinge; and he warned his colleagues that history seemed to teach us that, "in these natural affections, and in their consequences in living offspring, there was probably an element so subversive of general association that the two could not co-exist." What this writer puts forward as speculative truth the definitely religious communities acted on from the first, as an obvious and assured fact, and they saw that this difficulty could be met only by the complete or partial adoption of one or other of two methods, each of which had for its aim the destruction of the individual family—the abolition of the categories of parent and child, of brother and sister. One of these methods was that adopted by the Shakers—namely, the prohibition of all sexual union. The other was the establishment of what is called "free love," as adopted by the Oneida Community. The Shakers, by adopting the former method, proved in the first place that socialistic life was a possibility, but admitted at the same time that it was practicable only amongst persons of exceptional character; for the very existence of a body like the Shakers depended on the existence of an outside world, by whose marryings and giving in marriage their own members would be produced. Their socialism was essentially parasitic—a rare flower drawing its life from the great individualistic tree.

For those who look upon socialism as a scheme generally practicable, and potentially self-supporting, the method

adopted by the Oneida Community is the only logical method—namely, the method of free love, since only by this method can the individualism of marriage, and of all the intimate ties between father, mother and child be destroyed, and the Socialistic State be saved from dying in a single generation, through a suicidal inability to provide itself with fresh members. When I speak of free love, as understood by the Oneida Community, I do not connect it with the advocacy of a saturnalia of sexual profligacy. The leaders themselves endeavored, and no doubt honestly, to clear themselves of such a charge, contending that, in the ordinary world, the main characteristic of ordinary sexual license was the cynical indifference of the men to such children as might result from their amours, and to the stigma and burden that would be cast on the forgotten mothers. According to their scheme, they said, together with the abolition of marriage and the private family would be abolished all the penalties at present attaching to the unmarried mother. She would lose nothing in character; and her burdens would be less than those of the married mother now, for as soon as her child was born she would virtually be a mother no longer. The child would pass from her arms at once into the arms of the State, and father and mother would become meaningless names, for no child would know who were its physical parents, and no father and mother would be able to identify their own offspring.

Now here, in view of certain points much debated at present, we have evidence of a most valuable kind, which I would earnestly press on the attention of all critics of contemporary socialism. Socialism to-day is often attacked as being essentially anti-religious; and it is perfectly true that countless socialists are so; but others,

again, are not. On the contrary, in this country at all events, an immense number of persons who preach socialism—the majority, probably, of the Labor members in the House of Commons—are religionists of the narrowest type, and would justly resent, and be able most successfully to refute, the imputation to themselves either of atheism or any sympathy with licentiousness. They would also deny indignantly that either of these was involved in socialism. What I desire to impress on the reader is that in a certain sense they are right—more profoundly right than they themselves suspect. The whole moral to be drawn from the socialistic experiments in America is not that socialism is essentially irreligious, but that it can only realize itself as the result of a religious enthusiasm of a kind so rare and exceptional as to be wholly outside the potentialities of ordinary men and women; and, further, that this being so, one or other of two things is necessary to the continued existence of any socialistic community—either the suppression of the private family, and the family affections, by the enforcement of celibacy, as among the Shakers, and in the monastic orders of the Catholic Church, or else the suppression of the private family by the abolition of marriage, and the substitution for it of temporary unions, which will divorce mothers from their children at the earliest possible period, leaving the parents ignorant and careless as to whether they have any children or no, and the children without experience of love for mother or father, or any knowledge of the links that unite brother and sister. If socialism is purchased at the price of absolute celibacy, as among the Shakers, I need hardly repeat that such socialism is necessarily an exceptional thing, for there must be an outside world in which children are produced, contrary

to the socialistic rule. The only kind of socialism which is self-supporting, or could conceivably become general, is a socialism organized like that of the Oneida Community, in which the private family is dissolved and lost in the State by the abolition of any permanent and exclusive union between the parents.

The fact that of all the many socialistic experiments in America those only have succeeded in which the religious element has been predominant shows that socialism can succeed only in proportion as it is religious in one sense—in the sense that it requires a devotion to some spiritual ideal which demands personal sacrifice, quite as much as it promises personal gain, and differs essentially from the popular socialism of to-day, which, though it involves a suicide of self-interest on the part of the able few, appeals to nothing but self-interest on the part of the less gifted many. Thus, while it is untrue to say that socialism is in its principles irreligious, being only practicable in so far as it is a form of religious enthusiasm, it is equally true to say that, considered as a scheme for all men, it is essentially hostile to the moral ideas of Christianity, for it essentially demands, before all things else, the destruction of that sanctuary of Christian morals, the individual home. Nor is it only the Christian home that is thus aimed at. What is aimed at are all those primary affections which Christianity has done no more than sanctify, and to abolish which would, in the opinion of the masses of mankind, be nothing less than to eviscerate human life.

For certain persons, endowed with peculiar temperaments, and so long as these persons are animated by some peculiar form of enthusiasm, these American experiments show that socialism is a possible form of life. For persons who are untouched by this

rare and austere excitement, and who are attracted towards socialism by its promises of material prosperity, or of some vague kind of economic emancipation, these American experiments show to us that socialism is an impracticable dream, and they show us this because these experiments, which were exclusively or primarily economic—these sixty-six experiments out of seventy-five—failed one and all of them for precisely similar reasons. When they first started all seemed to go well. The hope for to-morrow did duty for the accomplishments of to-day. In one case all the members thought that all social problems had been solved so long as the first stock of groceries in the grocery store lasted. When the original stock gave out, then came the problem of how this stock was to be replaced. Who was to do that? And how was anybody to do anything? They had abolished the categories of employer and employed. Everybody was to employ himself, and work voluntarily in accordance with his own endowments. Such were their ideas at starting. But hard facts soon brought home to them the perception that the great essential was some body of men possessing business talent and authority, who would tell the rest what to do, when and how to do it, and see that they did it at the proper and appointed times. The Shakers solved this problem, because everything was in the hands of the elders, and it was a part of their religious discipline to yield to their elders a humble and unquestioning obedience. An obedience of this kind was the one thing which the non-religious socialisms set out to abolish; and yet guidance, direction, authority on the part of the more capable members was the very thing for which they were soon forced to clamor. Owen, in initiating his own special community, settled all preliminaries himself, but his intention

was that his own authority should be temporary, and he at once delegated it, during his absence, to committees who should act for the mass. Returning in less than a year he found that, under these committees, everything had fallen into confusion. By general request he took the mastership of everything into his own hands again. At once matters began to mend; but Owen, true to his own principles of industrial democracy, again insisted on making his power over to new popular bodies called by a new name. Again confusion developed itself, and now to such an extent that his 900 citizens split themselves into four communities, each of which was to work by itself in confederation with the three others. But now the confusion went from bad to worse, and Owen, at the request of all, became general dictator once more, and appointed to share his authority three other dictators—one dictator for each of the four States. But all to no avail. The individualizing process still held its way; the forces which had converted one community into four was rapidly resolving each of the four into individuals, and Owen, who remained throughout the technical owner of the capital, was forced to sell the property in lots to such of the members as would remain on it, the rest passing into other hands.

Of all the other non-religious experiments the history is virtually the same. Thus, of one we read that it failed because there were two things lacking in it—men with the capacity to command, and men with a disposition to obey. Of another we read that it failed because, out of the only members who possessed any gift of leadership, those who could persuade men had no practical talents, and those who had practical talents had no gift of persuasion. From his experience of another, one of the members wrote that "there is floating on the surface

of society a body of disappointed, jealous, indolent spirits, disgusted with our present social system, not because it enchains the masses, but because they cannot render it subservient to their own private ends. Experience shows that this class stands ready to mount every new movement that promises ease, abundance and individual freedom; and then," he goes on, "as soon as it becomes evident that the enterprise cannot continue to support men, unless all 'skill and talent are made subservient' to a general principle, these persons at once raise the old 'cry of tyranny and oppression,' anarchy ensues, and the enterprise goes to pieces." In other cases we read that for a certain time men of real business ability obtained the control of labor, and wealth began to increase, but that, as soon as this happened, these men began to realize that they could do better for themselves and their families in the outer world, and with their alienation from the communities the communities themselves fell into disorder and ended. In yet another case—that of the Wisconsin Phalanx, which was singular in the fact that it did for a series of years actually continue to make some industrial progress—small indeed but unchecked—we read that it owed its end not to industrial anarchy, but to a general dissatisfaction with the socialistic atmosphere. Its sameness palled on all. It stifled the very idea of individual success and adventure.

And now, before concluding, let me go back to the religious communities which, after a life of from fifty to a hundred years, were reported by Noyes and Nordhoff to be all prosperous, and some of them actually rich. We shall find that, even in these communities, with the one exception of the Shakers, the growth in riches corresponded with a departure from socialistic principles. Of all these religious

communities the Perfectionists, as they called themselves, of Oneida, with their regime of free-love, came closest in their industrial practice to the ideas of the secular socialists of to-day. In some branches of manufacture they achieved a solid, though but a moderate success. Compared with the Rappites, the Zoarites, and the Ebenizers, they remained poor. But even the Perfectionists of Oneida had no sooner made a little money than they began to readopt some of the principles of the capitalistic system which they had repudiated, and to employ hired labor and run some of their enterprises for profit in the ordinary way. Whilst if we turn to the three communities who grew to be really rich, the same fact encounters us on a yet more extended scale. I have mentioned already that the Rappites, whose original village was bought by Owen, spent their savings in the purchase of oil wells and shares in railways. Noyes mentioned this fact in 1870. Nordhoff, writing five years later, chronicles their continuance of this policy, mentioning that by that time they had become the chief sleeping partners in one of the largest cutlery businesses in the United States, and were now beginning to figure as employers of Chinese labor. With the others the case was the same. With the first achievement of prosperity they began to delegate the simpler forms of labor to ordinary hired laborers, any one of whom, as was caustically remarked at the time, "would do more in one hour than one of the members would do in six." Only the Shakers remained at once prosperous and consistent, and the Shakers form the community in which, beyond all comparison, the religious element was most complete and most highly organized, subduing to its discipline every antagonistic impulse.

The voluminous works of Noyes and

Nordhoff do not carry us beyond the year 1875, nor do I know of any comprehensive work that does. There are two communities, however, of which I can give the reader some later intelligence. One of these is Icaria, which for one reason stands apart from the rest, for, whereas all the rest were German, English or American in origin, Icaria was wholly French, and was started to show how, on French Democratic principles, labor, emancipated from the capitalist, could create for itself its own paradise. Icaria was started in 1849. In 1875 Nordhoff records that, instead of having realized a paradise of plenty, the fare of the members was of the plainest and their dwellings of the barest kind, but, he added, "I think that their hardest struggles are over." A year ago I had a letter from America which described their actual fortunes since

The Dublin Review.

then. Slowly but steadily their numbers began to fall off, till at last no one was left but one enterprising man and his sons. Icaria now consists of this single firm, and it has lately been converted into Icaria Limited. Another community, one of the strictly religious groups which had been in existence for something over fifty years, found it impossible to continue the struggle longer. Reduced to something like 150 persons, it sold its property, dividing the price amongst its members, the efforts of fifty years yielding something like £200 apiece to them. This took place when I was in America only two years ago, and the purchaser was the owner of a great neighboring mill, who proceeded, on the land which had supported 150 Socialists, to build a model village for 3,000 of his own work-people.

W. H. Mallock

THE "SLUMP" IN MODERN ART.

I am afraid there is no doubt about it—I have the misfortune to belong to a decaying profession.

It is true that more pictures are produced now than ever before in the history of the world, but every year there seem to be fewer people found to buy them. The painting of pictures will always persist as a delightful occupation, but no profession can be said to be flourishing which is not on a sound money basis. From the point of view of the artist, this money basis is of supreme importance; after all we have to live. (I hope no one will be unkind enough to remark that he does not see the necessity.) What makes this state of things the more distressing is that large sums are still spent on pictures, but almost exclusively on the works of deceased painters. That this shows that the art of painting still meets with some appreciation is

but a poor consolation to us who are not yet deceased, and indeed are struggling hard to keep alive.

The great problem set before the modern artist is how to divert this golden stream into what he regards as its legitimate channel, *i.e.* his own pockets.

Various devices have been suggested for this purpose, amongst others the one adopted recently by the Royal Academy—that of substituting for their usual winter exhibition of old masters a collection of modern works. This particular device has met with much hostility in the Press—an hostility to my mind quite undeserved, as the exhibition was one of exceptional interest and should have been welcomed by every genuine lover of pictures; but I am afraid it had but little effect on the picture-buying public.

Then there are all sorts of societies

continually being formed with a view to promoting the interests of artists, amongst others a gigantic scheme for a society which will include all existing ones and will band the artistic world together in one last struggle with a hostile Press and an indifferent public.

From all these endeavors I derive but little hope, but I have a pet scheme of my own which I think goes to the root of the matter.

It is, stated briefly (and very crudely), that artists should endeavor to paint pictures which the public will want to buy.

Of course this statement will at once evoke a howl of indignation.

"What?" It will be said. "You want artists to pander to the depraved taste of the public?"

My answer is that I do not believe that the taste of the public is a whit more depraved than the taste of the average modern artist. I am inclined to think that it is less so, and I am quite certain that it is much less depraved than the taste of the average modern critic.

The fact is that artists and art-critics are surfeited with art. There are so many exhibitions—far too many—and they all contain too many works, and we feel bound to see them all—the critics because they have to do so, and the artists because they want to see what the other men are doing.

Naturally the poor critics get the most acute indigestion from this Gargantuan feast; wholesome victuals become to them an abomination, nothing but the spiciest and most bizarre morsels will tickle their jaded palates.

The artists, too, get sick of pictures—they must have novelty to be in any way interested. Some new method of handling their material, some ingenious and extremely inconvenient way of putting on paint, is what chiefly rouses their enthusiasm. They are al-

ways talking of work which they do not like as being "*Vieux jeu*," or some such contemptuous phrase, without pausing to consider whether the old game may not be better than the new one.

It is all very natural, but it does not make for sound judgment.

The public fortunately is much less liable to this indigestion; it does not frequent exhibitions nearly as much and it often has the sense to go away when it has had enough of them, so it still retains a certain appetite for plain and wholesome artistic food.

The mischief of it all is that an ever-widening gap is thus created between the artists and the public—a gap that the critics only succeed in widening still more by endeavoring to cram down our throats the works of the most extravagant section of the painters. They are continually telling the public that the kind of work for which it has a natural liking is too shocking for words, and that what it ought to admire is the stuff from which the natural man turns in loathing. So the poor public, too modest to judge for itself, and too wholesome to swallow the sort of fare recommended by the critics, either turns away from art altogether or else falls back upon the old masters, for whom, at least, it can indulge its taste without being scolded for its philistine propensities. The public wants what the artists will not give it—at least, not those artists whom it finds most belauded in the Press.

Let us consider what it is the public wants.

In the first place it wants beauty—especially human beauty.

Is this so very wrong? Certainly most modern artists seem to think so.

There have been "fair women" exhibitions held recently that positively made one shudder. The New English Art Club and the International

Society seem to revel in the most gruesome presentations of humanity. Even the Academy is following suit. Indeed, the Academy is almost morbidly sensitive to what is called the modern movement. It has a quite unfounded fear of being thought antiquated and unprogressive.

Of course, the desire of the public for human beauty is liable to degenerate into a taste for mere trivial prettiness, but that is only the defect of the quality. I strongly maintain that a preference for the representation of a beautiful human being over that of an ugly one is eminently sound and wholesome.

Then the public likes a certain measure of finish. The natural man cannot understand coarse work; he hates rough blobs of paint and handling so loose that to see its effect one has to stand away the whole length of a room. He likes to look at pictures at a comfortable distance—even to look into them at times.

It should be remembered even by those critics who blame him most severely for this tendency that his rooms are not usually very big, and that it is extremely disappointing to see in a small private house a picture that has been painted exclusively to produce an effect in a large public gallery.

Also the natural man likes detail; having an unaffected love of nature he enjoys careful painting of even the subordinate parts of a picture. It worries him to have costumes and accessories merely indicated. I need scarcely point out how seldom the modern artist gratifies his taste in this respect.

No doubt the public often carries this love of detail too far; it is so pleased with the elaboration of trivialities that it forgives the scamping of essentials, such as the general truth of proportion and of light and shade. It

was as a protest against this habit of losing sight of the wood by looking at the trees that impressionism arose. It has had its uses, but surely the protest has gone far enough. May we not look a little at the trees again?

Surely this love of detail is quite wholesome. How charming can be the play of light and color on quite common things! And if these common things are charming in real life, why should it not be worth while to paint them carefully? Again, the delight in landscape to most people is largely dependent on the beautiful delicacy and intricacy of form and color that are so characteristic of all vegetation. How can these delicate forms be adequately rendered by blotches and smears? Even if the blotches are true in tone and color they must fail to render a great deal of the charm of nature. I am sometimes inclined to think that the one person who has no reverence for nature is the modern artist.

And this brings me to the fourth requirement of the natural man, and that is a certain simple realism. He likes things in a picture to look to him more or less as they look in real life. He is not at all anxious to have them changed into something rich and strange in their passage through the personality of the artist—to tell the truth, he cares very little for the personality of the artist; he prefers his representation of nature simple and unadulterated.

Here, again, I am a good deal in sympathy with the vulgar public. I think that except in the case of a genius (and artists of real genius are very rare) this personal element is a good deal overdone. I maintain that a somewhat humble attitude towards nature is mostly a becoming one for us painters; at any rate, by adopting it we should please the public more than by letting our not always interest-

ing personalities sprawl at large over the fair field of nature.

There is another point. We are so bent on making our works conspicuous at exhibitions that we paint them much too big. Of course this has a bad effect on sales. People with moderate-sized rooms do not want big pictures, or, if they do buy them, their rooms soon get filled up and they want no more.

I have been a bad offender myself in this respect. I like painting large pictures; but it is a vulgar liking, and I will endeavor to correct it.

Lastly, the public likes cheerful pictures—at least, as permanent possessions.

Here, also, I have been at fault. I have an unfortunate hankering after domestic tragedy. Subjects of this kind interest me, and I think they also interest the public, but the public, alas! does not in the least want to buy them.

I cannot blame the public. I am all in favor of cheerfulness, except in my art. I think people are quite right to prefer to live with cheerful pictures, only, as it happens, I do not want to paint them.

To sum up: the public would buy modern pictures if they were less ugly, less coarsely painted, less weirdly unlike nature, less dismal, and, above all, if they were smaller. It is surely possible to paint pictures which would fulfil these requirements without any sacrifice of artistic conscience. I should like to urge my brother-artists to see how far they can go on the road of concession.

And I should like to urge all people who care for pictures to have the courage of their likes and dislikes. They

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are no doubt far from infallible; they may mistake sentimentality for sentiment, prettiness for beauty, smoothness for finish, trickiness for truth to nature, but their errors are not likely to be as vital as those of the poor bored and surfeited critics, who have hardly a wholesome taste left—and small blame to them.

Against one prevalent vice of modern criticism should they be especially on their guard.

Every picture should be considered on its merits. The sole question to be asked about it is whether it is good or bad. Whether it is painted in an old or a new style is quite irrelevant. If a critic talks of a picture being old-fashioned and condemns it as such, never listen to him again.

There should be no question of fashion in art. A new method may be a good one, although it is a little difficult to invent better methods than those used by the great Masters; but it is not good because it is new, nor is a method bad because it is old. Nor should the public pay too much heed to the opinion of the artistic world. There is, unfortunately, a great deal of mere fashion even amongst artists. We also are bored and surfeited, so novelty and eccentricity have an undue charm for us.

No, people who really love pictures must think for themselves. They should study the acknowledged masterpieces of the great painters and so build up a standard by which they can judge sanely of modern art; and, above all, let them keep their wholesome love of nature and let them mistrust profoundly all those works which most widely depart from it.

John Collier.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

BOOK II

CHAPTER X.

"I don't know why ye should come botherin' me!" exclaimed Sheba, standing defiantly opposite to Kitty, the flickering light of her tallow candle accentuating the set lines in her white face. "I'm going away—right out o' this. Ye'll be glad to be rid o' me—as glad as I'll be to see the last o' you. Ye needn't ha' come here to mock me just at the end."

"That's the last thing I want to do," returned Kitty. "Sheba—listen! it's all been a mistake—"

"I know that," flashed out the other. "Ye needn't tell me that. Ye needn't come here to crow over me."

"I don't know what you mean!" exclaimed Kitty, taken aback at the sudden fury in Sheba's eyes. "What have I to crow about? I only came to say that you mustn't think of going away—it is I who must go. I have felt all along I shouldn't stay. I will write to-night to a friend of mine who will take me in while I look about me."

A plan did indeed form itself at that very instant in her mind, as she stood quailing beneath those glowing miserable eyes. She would ask the mistress of her old school in Brussels to receive her as teacher of English for a few months till her father's book was published, or till she could obtain a better situation.

Sheba, however, far from being mollified, seemed more incensed than before, too much incensed for a moment to speak. She flung open the battered old chest which contained her scanty wearing-apparel, and began to toss its contents on to the floor. All at once she straightened herself, and said with a bitter laugh:—

"It's easy talkin'—ye know so well as I do Stephen 'ud never let ye go."

"If it hadn't been for my father," responded Kitty, with some indignation, "we should all have gone long before this. Mr. Hardy told my father he wanted us to leave the Little Farm."

"Don't you believe it," retorted Sheba, tossing her head. "'Twas all pretence—he've a-been pertending all along. Ye know it," she added violently, "and I don't know what brings ye here to spy at me, an' mock me. I've been a fool—an' no one do know it better nor you—but ye mid ha' kept away from me jist this one night."

"Sheba," said Kitty, earnestly, "I assure you you are wrong—I don't know what can have happened to-day to upset you so much, but——"

"Oh, nothing happened," interrupted Sheba. "My eyes was fast closed, an' now they be opened—that's all. I thought myself Stephen's free choice—I did boast an' brag of it to 'ee didn't I? I thought, though he mid ha' loved ye once, he loved me now, an' picked me out because he wanted me—but he didn't. He never wanted me—he never chose me—he only took me out o' charity because father axed him—an' father told him what I thought nobody knowed except myself, an'—an' maybe you—that I—that I—oh, my God!"

Kitty seized her hand impulsively, as she broke off.

"Oh, poor Sheba," she cried, "I'm so sorry."

"No, ye bain't," retorted the other fiercely, as she wrenched away her hand, "ye be glad—that's what ye be. Ye think ye'll have him for yerself

now—but ye won't, I can tell ye that. Stephen bain't the man to humble himself twice—he told me wi' his own lips as he was thankful ye said 'No' to en."

So direct and sudden was this stab that Kitty winced involuntarily. Sheba was quick to perceive it:—

"Ha! ye do feel that, do ee? I'm glad on't—I'm glad ye do feel summat o' what I be feelin'. If he don't belong to me he'll never belong to you, make up your mind to that."

"I have no wish whatever that Farmer Hardy should ever belong to me," returned Kitty, with an assumption of haughty coldness which belled an anger almost as fierce as her rival's.

Sheba took a stride across the room and stood close to her, glowering down at her, dominating her for the moment by the force of her stronger personality.

"That's a lie!" she cried. "And you do know it's a lie. Ye daren't look me in the face and say ye don't love Stephen Hardy."

"How dare you say such things to me!" cried Kitty, but her eyes wavered and fell.

Sheba flung out her arm with an exclamation of triumph.

"Ye dursn't deny it."

"I do deny it," said Kitty, forcing herself to gaze full in Sheba's flashing dark eyes. "Stephen Hardy is nothing to me—I do not love him and I never did."

"God forgive you!" ejaculated Sheba, contemptuously as she turned away.

Stung by the tone and still more by the innuendo, Kitty went quickly towards the door.

"There's no use my staying," she said. "I can do no good—goodbye."

She lifted the latch, but the door did not yield. After abortive pushing and shaking she turned to Sheba, who was again stooping over the chest.

"I am afraid I must trouble you to open the door for me," she said, "I don't understand the trick of this latch."

Two of Sheba's strides brought her across the room; laying an impatient hand upon the latch, she, too, lifted and shook it, but the door did not yield. She stooped and peered through the keyhole, no obstacle impeding her vision into the firelit room below.

"We're locked in," she cried, "and the key's gone. This must be father's work—there's no sayin' what mischief he'll be up to when he's drinky, though how he got at the drink beats me. When I got back I see'd he was the worse, but I didn't stop to think about it. Father!" she cried angrily, "come back this minute. Let us out or I'll stop your beer for a month—you'll see if I don't."

There was no answer, and she looked again through the keyhole.

"He bain't there," she exclaimed, "and door's open. He must ha' got out—he must ha' got at his crutch some way," she added, looking quickly round. "Yes, it be gone. I mid ha' knowed when I see'd en as he must ha' got at it an' found his way to the public. I must ha' left the key stickin' in the lock."

"But won't he come back and let us out?" gasped Kitty.

"He'll have gone straight back to the public," rejoined the other; "he mayn't be back till night."

She returned to the door, throwing her weight against it and endeavoring to force it open. But the lock held firm; it was, indeed, a new one which she had recently purchased.

"I don't know whatever we're to do," she cried, coming back exhausted to her visitor; "we two be shut up here together—the Lord knows for how long. Maybe somebody 'ull pass by, or maybe Father'll come back sooner nor we look for, but we mid

ha' to pass the night together—make up your mind to that."

"Then if we are to be together," said Kitty earnestly, "let's try to come to a better understanding. I had a good intention in coming here. I meant to put things right. I thought if you knew I was going away you and Stephen would keep friends."

"What's the use o' talkin' o' that now?" returned Sheba, with a kind of weary impatience. "I come down low—I know I did. I started wⁱ sayin' I'd never be content wⁱ half a man's love—and then, when I found 'twas only half a love he could gie me, I tried to make myself content wⁱ that—I told en once I could be grateful even for a crumb—but I did think the crumb was given free—not axed for—I'll not be a burden to en—I'll not be forced on en—I haven't fell so low as that."

"Dear Sheba," said Kitty timidly, but the other cut her short.

"Nay, I'm not your dear Sheba—I've got no trust in one so false as you be. Ye did lie to my face—I'll not ha' nothin' to say to ye. I *know* ye love Stephen—an' there's an end on't."

Kitty's pulses were beating like hammers, but her lips remained obstinately mute. In the pause which ensued, the clattering of hoofs was heard, and the neigh of a horse—a curious neigh—almost a scream.

"Why, whatever's that?" exclaimed Sheba. "Bob must ha' got loose—he must ha' hurted hisself," she added anxiously. "Hark how he do call out—an' I be locked in an' can't get to 'en."

Kitty ran to the window.

"That's no use," cried the other impatiently. "It do look out on the river—ye'll not see nothin' there."

But Kitty had seen something. Though night had fallen, the swollen, murky waters just beneath the window reflected a red glare. She leaned

out; a curious, crackling, spluttering sound was audible, accompanied by a dull roar—as she was about to draw in her head in alarm, a shower of sparks fell downwards, hissing as they touched the water.

"Sheba," she gasped, "it's a fire!"

But Sheba had already seen.

"An' here we be shut in like two rats in a trap!"

"Is the roof thatch?" asked Kitty faintly. "If so, it'll be over in a few minutes."

"A bit on it is thatch," returned the other, who stood by curiously inert. "Some on it is tiled. But if it's the thatch what's caught fire the house will go like tinder."

Kitty stood opposite to her swaying a little, then, with a sudden impulse, flung her arms round Sheba's neck.

"I won't die with a lie on my lips," she cried. "Oh, Sheba, you shall know the truth, I do love Stephen Hardy with all my heart."

Stephen, riding back from Wimborne by the higher road, and pondering in somewhat melancholy fashion as he jogged along, was startled on turning a corner by an ominous glow in the neighborhood of the river.

"Somebody's stack's afire," he said; then raising himself in his stirrups and peering over the leafless hedge, he took more particular stock of the scene. He could see where the fire was now—close to that bend in the river known as the Old Ford; he realized that it was not a stack which was being consumed, moreover—it was a house—a cottage—Sheba's cottage!

He put his horse to a gallop, but almost immediately reined up again—a shadowy figure blocked the way.

"Let me by, let me by!" he shouted. "There's a fire down at the Old Ford."

"Yes, I know that," answered the familiar voice of Richard Baverstock. "'Tis a good turn what I've a-done

ye. Stephen—ye'll get Sheba for your wife now."

"Good God, man, get out of the road! Where's Sheba?"

"Locked up in her own room," chuckled Richard. "She'll not be able to put fire out."

"Locked up!"

Stephen clapped his heels to his horse's sides and the animal sprang forward again.

But a few minutes sufficed to cover the stretch of road which intervened between him and the doomed cottage. As he drew near he saw that the adjoining shed was blazing fiercely and the thatch which covered one portion of the cottage-roof was also on fire; little tongues of flame even ran in and out of the tiles.

The roar was almost deafening, the volume of smoke illuminated by the flames hung in a fiery cloud about the place. Sheba's old horse, which had retreated to the furthest corner of the yard, was neighing with the same wild, unnatural sound which had first attracted the girl's attention; and Stephen had only time to fling himself from the saddle before his own horse, infected by a kindred terror, stampeded in the direction whence he had come. Stephen rushed towards the cottage, but saw to his dismay that there was no possibility of entering; flames and smoke were issuing from the open door, and the latticed windows of the kitchen were lit up by a glare that came from within and not without.

Richard's unsuccessful endeavors to fill the lamp, and consequent spilling of the oil, had rendered the danger two-fold. One of the many floating sparks had set the paraffin alight, and a secondary fire was burning actually within the little dwelling. There was no getting to the prisoner from that side, but Sheba's room looked out on the river—thank Heaven for that!—he

could reach her by means of the river. The Baverstock's cottage was built on a high bank that shelved out over the water, and in the water was safety. He had to leave the yard and run a little way down the road to gain a suitable place from which to attempt the rescue.

He flung aside coat and hat as he hurried along, calling loudly on the girl by name.

Now he was in the water, and now a few bold strokes brought him beneath the cottage wall. The swollen river had overflowed its boundaries; and, though the bank was high, it was entirely submerged, and the water touched the house itself. He gazed eagerly upwards as he swam, noting to his joy that Sheba's window, a double one, was sufficiently wide to admit of her escaping through it. She had evidently taken note of this herself, for the lattice had been removed from the aperture. But why did she not hasten to save herself? Swimming back a few yards, and again looking upwards, he could see two dark shapes outlined against the glare, and amid the turmoil of the flames he distinguished voices—two voices—Sheba's loud in desperation—

"Jump, I tell 'ee—'tis the one chance!"

The other, uplifted in a very wail of anguish:

"I can't—let me die here."

Stephen hastened forward again, swimming till he came to the bank, and then wading waist-deep till he reached the house-wall. The lower window-sill was just above the flood, and climbing on to it he found a precarious foothold on the projecting ledge. Supporting himself by grasping with one hand the ivy which still clung to the smoking wall, and which emitted a pungent odor as it shrivelled in the heat, he sent forth a loud shout:—

"Sheba—for God's sake, Sheba! There's not a moment to lose! Get out of the window and let yourself drop—I can catch you."

"'Tis you, Stephen—thank God! Miss Leslie's here—take her first."

Stephen paused for the fraction of a minute, and then said:—

"No, you first. Come."

She, too, hesitated, her face bright, as it often seemed to him afterwards, with another light than that of the flames; then climbing through the window, she lowered herself cautiously down by her hands, and he caught her in his free arm. She clung to him as he steadied himself in preparation for the downward climb, and he felt her lips upon his face. Then, before, he realized her intention, she broke from him, crying:—

"Save her—I can save myself!" and leaped downwards into the water.

"Come, Miss Leslie—quick!" called Stephen. "I'm waiting for you—don't lose a moment!"

Kitty crept through the window, endeavored to lower herself by her hands, as Sheba had done, and dropped in a heap in his arms. The impetus almost threw him down, but he managed to regain his balance and waded with her for a few yards along the bank; and then as it grew suddenly deeper took perforce to the water again. Sheba could swim; he felt no qualms on her account. But after depositing the dripping form of Kitty in a place of safety, he returned to look for her. "Where are you, Sheba?" he cried.

There was no sound but the crackling of the flames.

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He plunged into the water again, bethinking him that she might have crossed the river, and swam rapidly to the other side. The deserted house was now a very sheet of flame, and every object on the opposite bank was to be seen as clearly as by the light of day; but there was no sign of Sheba.

Filled with foreboding, he turned, and swam back, keeping close to the house wall, and looking anxiously about him. Then all at once, close against the shelving bank, a little lower down than the window, he saw a dark form—a woman's—Sheba's.

He seized it with frenzied eagerness and struck out with his free arm, cleaving the flood with incredible speed, and gaining in a few minutes the place where Kitty sat.

He laid Sheba flat on the ground, and Kitty, edging nearer, lifted her by the shoulders so that her head might rest upon her lap. But the head fell back in a curious way; at sight of which Stephen uttered an exclamation. He raised it again, feeling hastily the back of the neck. Then he laid her down with a kind of groan.

"Oh," gasped Kitty, in an agony, "Is she much hurt?"

"She jumped into shallow water," he said; "she must have come full on her head!"

"Is she—is she—" faltered Kitty, with terror gripping her heart.

Stephen bent over Sheba and gazed into her face. The eyes were closed, the smiling lips parted as though with that last kiss.

"She is dead," he said.

(To be concluded.)

GEORGE MEREDITH AS PUBLISHER'S READER.

It is common knowledge that for many years Mr. George Meredith occupied the post of literary adviser to Chapman and Hall, and various periods have been cited as the length of his association with the firm. The available records of the house show that this association began in 1860, when, at the age of thirty-two, he succeeded John Forster as reader. He had previously published with the firm *The Shaving of Shagpat* and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, but his next book, *Evan Harrington*, was issued through Bradbury and Evans, in whose journal, *Once a Week*, it had appeared serially. *Modern Love* brought him back to Chapman and Hall in 1862, and thenceforward all his novels issued from that house until 1895, with the exception of *Rhoda Fleming*, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, and *The Egoist*. Mr. Meredith's connection with *The Fortnightly Review* need not be recorded in detail here; it will suffice to say that during Mr. John (now Lord) Morley's absence in America Mr. Meredith occupied the editorial chair, while further association with Chapman and Hall is discovered in his editorship of the series of monographs on great soldiers bearing the general title of *Military Biographies*.

The present writer did not enter the firm until 1880, a few months before Carlyle's death and ten years after that of Dickens, while at that time George Meredith had not attained the general recognition accorded to him a few years later, although he had received the praise and encouragement of some of the greatest of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, to every member of the firm of Chapman and Hall he was a great man, respected and almost revered as a personality of an unusual order, and his presence

in the office created an impression such as the King's would do on entering a shop. His figure was familiar to all: the striking head, with clearly chiselled features; the bright red tie contrasting sharply with the iron-gray hair, and the general appearance of alertness, had something of a galvanic effect upon those with whom he came into contact, and his conversation was no less electrifying.

Without wandering too far from the main subject of this paper, I may perhaps be permitted to recall one incident in our personal annals. Well do I remember the arrival of the MS. of *One of Our Conquerors* at the office, and the feeling of excitement that pervaded a certain section of the staff.

Mr. Fred Chapman's departure was eagerly awaited that day, and no sooner had he gone than I, with another member of the staff, stole up to his room to have a peep at the precious document.

How we puzzled over that first paragraph and wrestled with the waistcoat, the dinner, the piece of orange peel, and London Bridge, wondering when we should reach the first full stop! It was not an easy task to read Mr. Meredith's handwriting in the familiar blue ink: the MS. was neat enough but it wanted carefully spelling out. That was the last of his books save one, *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, issued by the firm, and when, shortly after, they had been added to the "collected" edition as publishers we knew him no more.

During all these years Mr. Meredith with but few exceptions, read all the manuscripts sent in to the firm, and it is the intention in this article to show what a conscientious reader he was, and to give some extracts of his opinions of a few of the more prominent

ones which came under his notice.

Parcels containing six or eight manuscripts were dispatched to him during later years with a "catalogue," as he called the list, leaving space for his opinion, afterwards to be transcribed in the official "manuscript" book. This, I assume, was done also in the 'sixties and 'seventies, but instead of sending his opinions in the very early days, he evidently brought them in his head to town with him and transcribed them in the book himself, which makes that book a priceless possession to-day. But I find that during a certain period neither of these plans was adopted and consequently there is no record available for reference. His visits to London were fairly regular, and if my recollection serves me, it was the Thursday in each week that he called at the office. On these occasions he would interview those authors, some of whom have put on record their impressions of the great man gained at these meetings.

Only about a dozen years have elapsed since he relinquished his post of reader, and yet one wonders what his opinion would have been of many of the books that are published to-day, and obtain such popularity. To say he was difficult to please is to understate the fact. His standard was tremendously high, and from that pinnacle his judgment was right and sound. But some doubt may be expressed as to whether that standard was the right one from which to judge a book for commercial purposes, as will presently be seen. Yet those writers who valued his opinion made a point of sending their manuscripts to the firm in order to get that opinion, whether favorable or not. Some authors even went to the extent of sending their works to him direct, which annoyed him at times. But they received the same careful attention, and he favored no one. An introduction by a friend

made no difference. He gave his honest opinion, caustic enough at times, but always honest from his point of view. It may be that many a novel, disposed of in a few words, to a less critical man might have been thought to contain some elements of popular success. And as a matter of fact, many an early MS. of a popular novelist to-day has received a summary dismissal by him in a cryptic sentence.

Even had an author made some sort of a popular success and sent his new book for consideration, it was dealt with on its merits and not on its author's reputation. I remember a case in point. Some time before Hugh Conway awoke one day and found *Called Back* had made him famous, he had sent us a story which had appeared in a provincial paper as a serial under the title of *The Red Hills Mystery*. It had by no means met with the great man's approval, but had for some reason not been returned to the author. A month or two after success had come to its author Mr. Meredith was in the office, and I drew his attention to the fact that we still had that former MS., and asked him if, in view of the success of *Called Back*, he thought it worth while looking at it again. He agreed to do so, but his opinion was not shaken, and the book was ultimately returned, to be published by someone else under the title of *A Cardinal Sin*.

Mr. Meredith's word was the final one for us in almost every circumstance.

Between the years 1860 and 1895 many notable manuscripts passed between the firm and its famous reader, some of which it published and many of which it did not.

John Forsfer retired in August, 1860, and in the same month we find that the first manuscript on record that Mr. Meredith read was entitled *The Two Damsels: a Spanish Tale*, by C. M.

O'Hara, which he disposed of as "childish: return without comment." Then came close on its heels *The Fleet that Brought the Pudding Home*, by Blanchard Jerrold, summed up as "poor, genial stuff"; and immediately following it Whyte Melville's *Market Harborough* is described as "of the order of *Soapy Spunge's Sporting Tour*. Not so funny: appeals to same class." In 1861 there is a particularly interesting entry: *East Lynne*. "Opinion emphatically against it." In the light of its ultimate success, this may at first seem an astounding criticism. But how many sound critics would differ from that opinion if they could read the manuscript for the first time now? Or it may be asked how many critics did at the time?

This year we find Anna Drury's novel *Misrepresentation* reported on as follows: "If accepted, the title must be changed. I cannot recommend it, and though it will hardly bring us credit, it will not do much harm. I don't find stuff in the story. It does not appeal to any special class; it has no high literary pretensions. Still, it is pretty, pleasant, well-meaning, and full of a kindly heart and brain." The title, however, was not altered, and the book became popular.

In the same year two manuscripts were received from William Black, entitled respectively *Alec Grange* and *James Merle*, probably his first attempts as a novelist, for his age would have been twenty at the time. Here is an instance of Mr. Meredith's ability for discovering talent in an author whose works he could not conscientiously recommend. Of the former he says:

In its way very good—in the earlier part highly promising. I have not seen the concluding portion; but it is but a thin thread of story I have got as yet. The author's mind evinces strong sense and poetic perceptions; he has a remarkably clear style, and a

power of giving soft pathetic touches, which I commend. He does not know much of life, nor has he the proper artistic feeling for the development of his characters in an interesting way. Write very encouragingly. Don't lose sight of him.

His opinion of the latter was "sent direct to the author in a letter. Book will not do," he says; "but the author strongly encouraged. A man on whom to keep an eye." Later the book was sent again, having been revised, but it was not recommended for publication. *James Merle* was not issued until three years later, and appeared as Wm. Black's first published novel, whilst *Alec Grange* does not seem to have been printed—at any rate, under that title.

In the same year (1861) there is still another interesting and important entry:

Poems by Edwin Arnold. "I should say this man will do something. The collection of poems here is not of sufficient weight to justify any speculation in the book. The translation in hexameter from Bion is especially good. He should wait till he has composed a poem likely to catch the public ear. There is no distinct original mark in these poems: not enough to rely on."

The last entry of this year is *George Meredith: a Tale of the Merchant Service*, upon which the only comment made is, "Pray speak to this man concerning the impropriety of taking living names as titles for works of fiction."

From this time onward some half a dozen manuscripts by Cuthbert Bede passed through his hands, none of which seems to have interested him much. *Verdant Green* was not, however, of these.

In 1862 there are only two notable incidents: a novel by Ouida entitled *Villiers* and one by Mrs. Lynn Linton entitled *Isola*, each having opposite the

entry the simple but peremptory word "Decline." Mr. Meredith evidently had no sympathy with Mrs. Lynn Linton's opinions as expressed in her books. More than one novel was offered to the firm and promptly declined by him. Of the last sent to him in 1894 he said, "Very sour in tendency, hard in style. All forced, and exemplify the author's abhorrence of the emancipation of young females from their ancient rules. She has been doing this sort of thing in all directions. She has a certain number of readers. There are also many who are repelled by her. It seems to me there would be very many who would not relish the book."

During the 'sixties came two more manuscripts by William Black which did not satisfy, although the author was again encouraged to go on, as was G. A. Henty, whose story *Frank Tresailor* was returned with instructions to "encourage the author to send any future work."

G. J. Holyoake's *Robert Dalby and His World of Troubles* was said to be "very genuine, with touches of pathos and much truthfulness of sentiment. The tale is thin stuff, rather pretty, but not exciting for present readers."

On December 30th, 1868, is the entry of *The Poor Man and the Lady*, by Thomas Hardy, but no opinion is recorded. However, Mr. Hardy has himself recently referred to the incident, and it is to be assumed that although the MS. was not up to the mark, it exhibited to Mr. Meredith, as did those of Wm. Black, an ability and genius to be encouraged, which eventually matured and justified his interest in the author. It was Mr. Hardy's first novel, and has never been published, and its author states that only a fragment of the manuscript remains now. Mr. Hardy was invited to see the "reader," and had an interview in the offices of Chapman and Hall in

Piccadilly, when he received much good advice, he assures us, but advice, he adds, that Mr. Meredith did not follow himself.

Other names which occur at this period on which little or no comment beyond a monosyllable is made are Charles Clarke, Tom Hood (*For Valour*), Annie Thomas (*Ashleigh Towers*), Miss Craik (*Theresa's Love Story*), Gordon Stables, W. H. Kingston (*Kilfinnan*) ("not quite the book for boys"), Archibald Forbes (*Hector Macdonald*) ("has merit, but won't do"), Hawley Smart (*Bitter is the End*), and a book by S. Baring Gould entitled *In Eritu Israel*, of which he says, "It has merit, but is tedious." Some of his comments at this time and in later years on works by G. M. Fenn, Mrs. Alexander Fraser, Joseph Hatton, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Richard Bagot, Percy White, Herman Merivale, Lieut. Andrew Haggard, Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, A. W. Marchmont, and many other modern writers whose books under notice were doubtless early, if not first books, were disposed of with such comments as "utter rubbish," "won't do," "commonplace story," "poor," "bad," "of no strength or character," "uninteresting," "weak," "not acceptable in any way," "impossible," and so on.

Even Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* was dismissed with a "will not do," and J. Cotter Morrison's *The Old House by the Ode* with "no good." The author of *Erewhon* has told in a preface to a late edition of it how he "took the book to Messrs. Chapman and Hall on May 1st, 1871, and on their rejection of it, under the advice of one who has attained the highest rank among living writers, I let it sleep till I took it to Mr. Trübner early in 1872. As regards its rejection by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, I believe their reader advised them quite wisely . . . I hope, if I had been their reader and the book had

been submitted to myself, I should have advised them to the same effect."

Whether *Immaturity*, by G. B. Shaw, was an early effort of the G. B. Shaw is not apparent, but the monosyllabic "No" disposed of it.

But he discerned merit, on the other hand, in many writers whom he could not recommend for publication. J. C. Rickett's *James Strathgeld* he considered "clever, and has got stuff in it." In William Westall's *Larry Lohengrin* he found "the writing by no means bad, but the class of story quite out of date." Of J. Ashby Sterry's *A Naughty Girl* he said, "The author can do better and must be *spoken to*." In H. F. Lester's *Hartas Maturin*, "we have," he says, "a respectable murderer and his victim, who is asphyxiated. . . . The characters are puppets of the old pattern, the story on the old lines. But there is positive ability in the writing, and the author should be strongly encouraged to try again—and again, for he has aptitude. He should study real life; set himself to sketch real people." Of another MS. by the same author some months later he says, "There was promise in *Hartas Maturin*—a villain doctor, if I remember. Here it is not fulfilled. It is considerably weaker in the story and the writing." In his third attempt, *Queen of the Hamlet*, the author succeeded in pleasing, and the book was published by the firm. "The writing is of a good sort, very pleasant; the characters are well outlined, and there are some touches of quiet humor," was his comment. In H. Marriott Watson's *Fair Lady Faint Heart* he said appeared "More ability than usual, but it is expended in dialogue, in which there is thoughtfulness without anything to attract the reader." This book came back again revised, and was published under the title of *My Lady Faint Heart*, the first, I believe, of Mr. Marriott Watson's books.

In more than one of Annie Thomas's books he saw something to praise, some indication of cleverness, but complained "that she had been writing in the same tone on similar topics for years . . . rather to the taste of garrison officers and some women."

Some months back Chapman and Hall published a book entitled *Honorio's Patchwork*, which was greatly praised by the critics, and ran through two or three editions. It appeared anonymously, but when the author sent her manuscript she remarked that some years previously she had received encouragement from Mr. Meredith to persevere. We find that she had then sent a novel, and Mr. Meredith ended his otherwise unfavorable report by saying, "It is good, simple writing, and the feeling is right throughout. She should persist." This lady evidently took his advice seriously and profited by it.

Frequent references to the discovery of Olive Schreiner's *The Story of an African Farm*, and the part Mr. Meredith took in helping the author to make it more worthy of success, have been made from time to time in the Press. I find three entries in connection with Ralph Iron recorded: the first in 1881, when a manuscript entitled *Saints and Sinners*, by Ralph Iron, is commented on as "Plot silly. Early part well written." There is nothing to indicate that this is *The Story of an African Farm*. In its first state. But the title might serve for that book. On May 2nd of the next year *An African Farm*, by Ralph Iron, has this instruction against it, "Return to author for revision," and on August 10th it is sent again and accepted. I have seen it stated that Mr. Meredith called upon Olive Schreiner, but I think it very unlikely. I remember Miss Schreiner calling at our office by appointment to see Mr. Meredith on more than one occasion in connection

with the book. However, the point is that Mr. Meredith saw merit in the book, and, as was his custom with beginners, took unusual pains to give Miss Schreiner his help and advice; and that she readily and graciously accepted them.

Many other instances of how Mr. Meredith saw in an author's work the making of a good book or indications of the author's ability, have been cited by the authors themselves. George Gissing, for instance. He has told us how his first book, *The Unclassed*, was received by Mr. Meredith, and how he met him in Chapman and Hall's offices to talk over its shortcomings and merits, and how Mr. Meredith made many suggestions for its improvement. But in his second book he received still greater help. It was called *Isabel Clarendon*, and I well remember it first coming in to the firm in three volumes of MS. It passed through Mr. Meredith's hand two or three times, and when we finally decided to publish it, it had been reduced from three volumes to two. Gissing, of course, not only had ability, which Mr. Meredith recognized, but he made his mark.

Henry Murray, in his recently published book, *A Stepson of Fortune*, has much to say of Mr. Meredith and his treatment of his books. This can be supplemented by Mr. Meredith's opinion as to the manuscripts submitted. Of *A Song of Sirpence* he said, "Decline. But a clever man, who may do well. Send back with regrets and warm appreciation of its merits." Of *A Deputy Providence*, "It is readable—not up to the mark of Mr. Murray's promise; but his name appears to be rising. He forwarded the MS. to me, and I returned it for some corrections." Of *A Man of Genius* he outlines the plot in the following brief manner:

It is readable. The situation has to be considered by you:—The "Man

of Genius" is a novelist in poor case, living with a young woman, who is an angel in temper, beauty, and sweetness. A friend who loves the girl urges him to marry her. He declines. He besieges a married woman, who seems to be near yielding, but at their meeting next day dismisses him. He goes abroad. His friend proposes to the forsaken girl. She cannot accept him. The "Man of Genius" returns in ghastly form. She welcomes him. They retire to rest together, and she lies thinking of her dead baby. There it ends. And such is the dish.

The only book of Mr. Murray's brother, David Christie, to come to the firm was *The Martyred Fool*, of which he said, "Scenes in Australia excellent; writing good throughout. We come to Paris and Anarchy. There is no story; a certain current of interest carries the reader to the end—which is produced summarily by a bomb that makes a clean sweep of all the principal characters; terrible in fact and ludicrous to reflect on. It is not a work of mark or charm. The writer's name might help."

Another writer for whose work Mr. Meredith had real admiration, but who did not make a prominent name in literature, at any rate as a novelist, was Hannah Lynch. In the catalogue in the British Museum will be found many titles of novels, all of which are probably forgotten by now. But the present writer religiously collected all she wrote, and found in them those qualities Mr. Meredith praised. Most of these, if not all, were submitted to the firm, but the only one published by it was *Rosni Harvey*, in three volumes. He always spoke well of her literary ability, but could never be persuaded that her books would ever become popular. Of *Daughters of Men* he said, "Clever writing. But there is not much story, and not enough of action in it, to carry the reader's interest. . . . By all means encourage the

lady. She has real powers." On sending the manuscript again, revised, he could not discover that much had been done. But "impress upon the lady her ability is appreciated." Of *Rosni Harvey* he said:

The lady has marked ability. . . . There is little incident, redundant dialogues, no drama . . . though the dialogues seem tedious, they are well-written. The authoress is a lady of power and observation. Her failure lies in her not sufficiently taxing her invention. There is not any complexity. Consequently . . . there is no narration: all is evolved by dialogues. . . . Many worse vols. of work than "*Rosni Harvey*" are published. But I am obliged to tell you, that I do not think it would attract readers.

A third novel, *A Prince of the Glades*, he describes as an "Irish tale. . . . The writer's ability does not seem to me to show so well in this instance. But the task of creating interest in Fenianism would try the cleverest pen: and the hero has Fenian fever. It pains me to say that, though she always writes readably, the subject and cast of the story are not likely to win public attention. Impress upon her that you speak as publishers who have to look to remuneration for their ventures."

There is no doubt Miss Lynch was an extremely accomplished and clever woman who never happened to hit upon a theme in fiction worthy of her powers. She published other books which were well received, notably her appreciation of George Meredith, which, perhaps, is the best piece of criticism in many ways, as it was one of the first, on the novelist. But we have reasons for knowing that she felt her failure to catch the public ear very keenly indeed.

Another author for whose work Mr. Meredith had a great admiration was

Major A. B. Ellis. The first book he sent in 1882, entitled *Isles of Indolence*, did not meet with approval, but subsequently came *The Land of Fetish; History of the First West Indian Regiment*, which had to go back for the author to carry out suggestions made; *History of the Gold Coast* ("written with his plain but excellent pen. I should be of an opinion that it would be a standard history of the Gold Coast and our possessions about them. It is the one book on the subject"); and books on *The Ewe*, *The Tshi*, and *The Yorubi-speaking People of the West Coast*—all of which met with his whole-hearted commendation. Major Ellis also sent two volumes, entitled respectively *South African Sketches* and *West African Stories*. Of the latter he said, "Good, charged with local color: not attractive to readers of romance, but curious, and the author's name as an authority with regard to those parts should help the book. If accepted, it must be with the stipulation that 'Mrs. Fitzgibbon' be omitted. It is a *sine qua non*." If he had only added "James Peacock" also, how much better it would have been for author and publisher, and even for Mr. Meredith, too, for a West African trader named James Pinnock saw himself in James Peacock, and brought an action for libel against the firm, and Mr. Meredith was called as a witness. The trial created a good deal of excitement at the time, and Mr. Meredith's evidence was very cleverly parodied in the pages of *Punch*. The present Prime Minister appeared for the defendants and Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell) for the plaintiff. Sir Charles Russell commenced by asking Mr. Meredith if he had ever heard of Pinnock. He replied, "Not since the days of my youth, when I learnt his catechism." Mr. Meredith made a good witness, but the case went against the firm. His evidence, how-

ever, afforded *Punch* an excellent opportunity for a clever parody entitled *By George!*

In the year 1880 a collection of letters of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle were submitted by a gentleman "acting as trustee for others," and no doubt was the collection published a year or two back under the editorship of Sir James Crichton-Browne. Mr. Meredith's opinion on these will be read with great interest to-day:

The authenticity will hardly be contested. But a proof of genuineness that rests so much on a capitulation of domestic trivialities is not a recommendation. The first three or four letters, those of Jane Welsh as a girl, paint her thoroughly in her enthusiasm. Further, the touches on this or that young man, and other people, show us it is she, and have in that their value. Then we come to letters at long intervals, of no mark, without connection, chiefly, when not entirely, pertaining to commissions for the supply of household necessities. The account of the life at Cheyne Walk is thin by comparison with the published letters.

I much fear that a chorus of reviewers would cause the public to shun this collection. The little in them concerning Carlyle would plead but poorly on their behalf. Carlyle's own letters are formal, quite in his tone, but with nothing of the inner man.

I wish I could give a better report. My expectations were lively, and I am disappointed. But if you can just see your way to remuneration, I shall be glad.

Several other notable books passed through the firm's hands during Mr. Meredith's tenure as reader. But for various reasons it might not be wise to quote his opinion upon them.

When the manuscript of *An Englishman in Paris* was sent him, the author's name was withheld—as it was for a long time from the public—and it is still remembered what a sensation the book made whilst the secret was kept. Many shots were made as

to the authorship from time to time, and the curiosity on the point sent the book into many editions. But as soon as Mr. Albert D. Vandam gave the secret away, the demand for the book immediately ceased.

Here is what Mr. Meredith reported on the MS.:

Amusing anecdotes, very readable style, a competent observer. Both volumes entertaining and both painting each its period. Of course, in chapters of life in Paris, there is sure to be some account of the more notorious characters of the *Demi-monde*. It is done decorously; generally I think the portraiture of ministers, princes, generals, and celebrities unblinded and sound. The book will be read widely.

He was absolutely right in his views regarding this book, but some surprise may be shown regarding what he thought of *The Heavenly Twins*.

"The author," he said, "is a clever woman, and has ideas; for which reason she is hampered at present in the effort to be a novelist. Her characters have ideas, but are not made to express them, and are incapable of helping the story to move. Such story as there is pertains to their individual fortunes. There is no main current; Evadne would kill a better work with her heaviness. It matters little what she does—she has her ideas; the objection is the tedium in the presentation of her. The writer should be advised to put this MS. aside until she has got the art of driving a story. She has ability enough, and a glimpse of humor here and there promises well for the future—if only she will practise, without thought of publishing until she can narrate, and sketch credible human creatures without harping on such traits as she gives them."

John Oliver Hobbes's first book, *Some Emotions and a Moral*, did not strike him in the same way as it afterwards did the critics.

Written with some power to exhibit the emotions of the sex—mainly in the form of whims,

was all he had to say of it.

Of *Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre* we find this opinion:

This might be read and bought. I cannot well say. Of the kind of book it is a fair sample. The excerpts are often quaint and taking. The personal touches would interest the writer's friends only, her style not having yet the rich note of humor to seize the public.

The book was read and bought to the extent of many editions.

Of a little book of recollections by Janet Ross entitled *Early Days Recalled* he said:

The Egyptian scenes and tales are full of color—pity there is not more of this. The letters have an interest. Let me see the remainder from Murray. I do not sanction the publication of my letters, which are private; were not intended to print.

It was submitted a second time complete. To his former opinion he added:

Readable—likely to be well reviewed, as there are stories and witticisms of known people, more or less popular, to quote.

Of course, his letters were omitted, as were those of Thackeray, by request of his executors.

Naturally, in dealing with biography, Mr. Meredith expressed his views at times on the subject as well as the manner of its treatment. For instance, "Lammenais is always interesting," he says of a translation, "but forgotten by the public." In reporting on Captain Bingham's book, *Recollections of Paris*, he says the author "mentions General Marbot's memoirs for translation. I can tell you that Marbot's

book is the most vivid and captivating I have met for many a day."

Of J. Fitzmaurice Kelly's *Life of Cervantes* he reports:

Well written—by a scholarly hand, and, I should think, a very promising author, whom it would be well to attach to the firm. . . . The objections to the purchase are, however, serious. Ormsey's Memoir and Watts's Life hold the field. The former is a stylish and the latter an accomplished scholar in the subject. I have to question whether our public is open to yet another book on Cervantes. I should say not—I regret such a conclusion.

"Gregorovius," he said, in speaking of a translation of his *History of Rome in the Middle Ages*, "is a competent and thoughtful historian. . . . When you debate as to the publication of it, bear in mind that we have not in England a book treating of the Rome of that period."

"A bright and lively biography of Albert Smith," he said, in considering a manuscript life of him, "might be read—if short and in full sympathy with the small but amusing fellow he was. This treats him as a personage, quotes from works, &c., and is by a hand inferior to his in ability. It is very weakly done. If competently done, the work would pay. Albert Smith, the writer, should be rapidly passed over, and the successful humorous showman presented with animation."

Mr. Meredith's interest in all that concerned Germany brought his mind to bear minutely on a book on Bismarck. Apart from the value of the criticism, as such, on the book, it incidentally exhibits his knowledge of the subject of the manuscript and his times:

The anecdotal Biography of Bismarck would be promising if it were rather more put into shape. The

reader is wearied with the gossipy harking forward and back. As there is nothing else of the kind at present, it is worth while for some trouble to be taken to describe the parts currently. First, Bismarck's struggle with the Prussian Chamber to get an increase of the army; then the Bohemian campaign, rapidly, but in progression; then the difficulty with the King, to prevent him from taking his conqueror's due of Austria—in view of the war with France to come. His dealings with Benedetti are very interesting. Two pages might be given to his management of the Treaty of Nikola-berg. Again with Benedetti before the war of 1870—I don't know what use has been made of the book by Busch, or whether it is legally permissible to levy contribution on it. Look to that.

. . . If you come to terms with the author of the Bismarck, I may be able to help with an anecdote or two, for which I can vouch.

Again, we find how thoroughly and conscientiously he had read a book by Jules Simon, perhaps one of the most painstaking of his many honest opinions. It has a peculiar interest to-day, as containing a prominent reference to the cause of women.

Against the project of the purchase of J. Simon's book is:

The large sum asked for a translation.

The fact that it is addressed directly to the French, and touching French rather than general conditions.

That such a subject chiefly interests cultivated persons, who prefer to read it in the original.

That it holds a balance, and does not prick the enthusiasm of a party.

In favor.—The balance is held firmly:

The writing is good, in some chapters rather lively, although too distended in some.

The conservatism will commend it to our Press, and cause favorable discussion, thus arousing interest in the public.

The tone is altogether delicate and

inoffensive. There is much good sense in it, good counsel.

New Ideas—that is, a reading of the present state of things, relating to women, by the light of the past, in anticipation of their future—I do not find. J. Simon judges fairly of the women of an existing development. He does not treat of the powers they might display under better training; and of how an enlargement of their understandings must affect the great question; nor of the contraction of their understandings caused by an exclusive devotion to maternity and domesticity; nor of what is involved in it, as regards the advancement of the race.

A study of Walt Whitman by J. C. Smuts brought the criticism:

This writer is a thinker and can give his meaning clearly. Had his theme been Goethe, whom he justly appreciates, the book would have seized our public. Perhaps his exposition of Whitman may commend it to Americans. Here the Whitman cult has passed for a time. He has, however, foundation in the enduring; the book is worth perusal and will reward reflection, though, as it is not opportune, it is unlikely for the present to win many readers. Whitman causes him to attribute too much frequency to the quoted matter. But mainly the view of Whitman's teaching is sound.

A small book by Edward Salmon, entitled *Some Men of To-day*, he described as "well written. Lord Salisbury, A. Balfour, and Froude thoughtfully sketched. I see that I am among them and he gives me criticism."

Nature books appealed to Mr. Meredith, but only if of real distinction. He appreciated Charles Dixon's ornithological books up to a point, but latterly complained that he wrote too much. He had admiration for the works of Robert C. Leslie. *A Sea Painter's Log*; *A Waterbiography*; *Old Sea Wings, Ways and Words*; *The Sea Boat*—all met with

his full appreciation. "Excellent and pleasantly suggestive . . . you are safe in this writer's hands," he wrote of *Old Sea Wings*; and of *The Sea Boat*, "I have an esteem for this writer's work. The present one has permanent value, and is interesting, besides useful, to read by yachtsmen and the general public"; and of *A Waterbiography*, "I find it interesting and readable . . . Mr. Leslie writes of fresh or salt water and of boats in a way to create interest in all classes of readers, young or old."

He delighted in W. H. Hudson's nature books, and recommended *A Naturalist in La Plata* as "Excellent, well observed or gathered—instructive"; of *Birds in a Village* he wrote, "Instructive and pleasant to read. There is a taste for books of this kind . . . the present writer has a manner of his own and a known name."

Mr. Hudson—a fact not generally known, I believe—joined the ranks of the novelists during the "three-volume" days, and two of his novels were submitted to Mr Meredith, neither of which he could recommend, although one, which was published by the firm under a pseudonym had "good points—shows an observer of exterior London life. But he is not a creator. (The heroine) is a good girl, too good. Some scenes of the 'tempers' of women are true to life. A long work, with a mass of dialogue, little incident." The chief character of the other, who gave the title to the story, appears in a recent and clever book of the author, at any rate so far as the name is concerned, and sets one wondering if the books are identical.

Mr. Meredith was very partial to books relating to the sea, and even the unpretentious stories of Captain Lindsay Anderson, such as *The Cruise of an Opium Clipper*, *Among Typhoons* and *Pirate Craft*, pleased him, although he saw "no literature" in them. But they

were "honest and interesting." In the latter book, "the captain's name is 'Gulliver,'" he says; "still, it seems honest." A neat little touch.

Books of travel, and those concerned with foreign countries and peoples, attracted his special attention. This applies particularly to Antonio Gallenga's books, most of which Chapman and Hall published at his suggestion. Major Ellis's books I have already alluded to. The first book of Harry de Windt's *From Peking to Calais* received careful consideration, as his report shows:

The writer seems really to have made the journey as he describes it. . . . In the absence of literary skill there is an honest transcript of his experiences. The looseness of the style and the jarring repetition of potent phrases might be corrected. If accepted, a stipulation to begin the start from Peking with a more condensed account of that city would be well. Also request him to quash exclamations in narrative. I have an impression that his dates when crossing the desert of Gobi are once incorrect. He puts July without the day, when, if I remember, it is August.

Of Across the Border; or, Pathan and Biloch, by E. E. Oliver, he said:

I like this. It is genuine, interesting, and instructive. The best accounts of the mountains known to me. It should have readers in India, and many here, from deserving them, in England. Style rather dry, but with the quality of its honesty.

Germany and the Germans, by W. H. Dawson, he considered was—

Written with knowledge and a proper sympathy under sound judgment. The Germany of the present time, in all departments, is well presented. The book is lengthy, a fault deriving from its pretensions to fullness. Whether such a book is wanted by the public I cannot say. English readers would profit by it.

But it is not possible to deal with a tithe of the interesting and valuable criticisms he passed on the hundreds of books he read for the firm. Everything he said was well said, and many of his laconic reports were not only to the point, but amusing too. "Is there anything clever in Meredith's reports this week?" was a common question in the office. And invariably there was no disappointment. Here are a few pithy comments, culled at random, on what was often the first novel of now fairly popular novelists or, as each indicates, a valueless book:

Old-fashioned kind of playful narrative of a good creature with prankish cousins.

In charity to the author it should not be published.

Apparently by a muddle-headed beginner, bothered by the expression of his views and ideas.

An infernal romance.

It has cleverness, but of the old school. . . . If there were any need to publish a novel, this would serve as a piece of trade ware.

A mere wisp of a tale.

Feebler stuff than this might be written, but would tax an ape.

Suitable for the smallest of boys phenomenal in their power to give attention to matter dealt out by a man who seems to have just acquired it.

A splendid knave. . . . He speaks lines that scan and are empty as the ring of a glass.

According to the dates given this was done in a month. It has no other merit.

Written in a queer old maundering style, poor stuff, respectable in the mouth of one's grandmother. He may have something to say, but he harps on the platitudes familiar to the ears of infancy.

No. It comes through a friend. I have the task of writing to her.

It reads like a boy's nightmare dream and written by a boy.

Verse which has the merit of flummery and nothing more.

Vaporish stuff.

Dreariness of verse has hardly ever surpassed this collection.

I should think it would be rejected by a farthing magazine.

Elaborately done, with index to contents of chapters. After going through some and running over the others, I found the index to be preferable.

By a homely imitator of Haggard. He may know Van Diemen's Land well, but he is a stranger to composition.

Weak wild stuff. MS. looking as a survival of a dozen shipwrecks.

Apparently by a boy—probably a very precocious boy of tender years.

Dedicated to Mr. Gladstone with permission. Mr. G. can hardly have read the verses. In any case, no one not under constraint would do so.

Stated to be "for a magazine." I do not know of a magazine that would accept it.

The dulness of vapid liveliness marks the style of this work. It has no quality.

Anstey might have made the subject amusing. This writer is an elephant. Such themes can only be made interesting when they are treated airily.

A pale piece of work.

Good of its kind—very readable for Americans. . . . The author is an acquaintance of mine, and I should be glad to say more if I could. He has ability and much earnestness; is too honest to embroider on his souvenirs.

A provincial maiden aunt of the old time had about the same notions of humor and horror. A similar manner of narrating.

This is laughable enough in MS. But in print the ridicule would fall upon the publishers.

Might gain a prize for dulness.

If the previous works of the author, praised by certain reviewers, resemble this, then I am at a loss; for this would just suffice to carry small boys along.

Rather better than the average of bad novels.

When we come to the sunken treasure the credulity of boys would be shaken.

There are thoughts in it, but muddled. It offends the orthodox and does not satisfy the infidel.

Rather pretty frail piece of young lady's work.

Poor story of the French Terror. Historical portraiture befitting the pen of an urchin fifty years back.

This is the vocabulary of a boy of fourteen.

Must be accused of every defect that goes to make a work of fiction unreadable . . . It is cursed with an itch at times to try the rhetorical swell upon the lowest vernacular.

Would seem to be written in sighs of languor.

Called humorous by the author. Cockneyish dialogue, gutter English, ill-contrived incidents done in daubs, maintain the assertion.

A tale reading as if told by a romantic grandmother of the present generation.

Absurd in point of style, which is that of a child.

A manuscript with the title *The Mystery of the Pigeon Holes* brought the report:

Melancholy stuff to see and smell.

The Autobiography of a Donkey was considered to be—

Faithful only to the donkey's dullness.

The Fortnightly Review.

Of a so-called humorous book which ultimately had a fairly notable success he said:

The humor of it is deadly. Reject.

Of a history of bread he observed:

The subject could hardly be lively, but the writer might have given it more yeast.

Of a series of family letters and papers he said:

They are not edited but stitched together, and they are as dry as the chemist's powder.

The interest in the foregoing would be enhanced and become more pointed if names were appended. But that would hardly be cricket, as most of the authors of the MSS. are alive to-day. Many more, of course, could be quoted; indeed, pages might be filled with them. But enough for the present.

My object in the whole article has been merely to attempt "to prick the enthusiasm," and perhaps the curiosity, of Mr. Meredith's many admirers in a special phase of his work during thirty-five years' association with his publishers.

B. W. Matz.

HOW TO DIAGNOSE GENIUS: A STUDY OF HUMAN ENERGETICS.*

This book is a study in comparative biography, and may be said to point the way to a new field of investigation. Prof. Ostwald was prompted to write it, as he tells us in his first sentence, by an ingenuous question put

* "*Grosse Männer.*" By Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald. (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, 1909.)

to him by one of his Japanese students as to how budding geniuses could be recognized. Much money, his student went on to say, is spent by various Governments in attempting to discover those people whose thorough education may be expected to bring in a return of value to the State, and

the question how best to discover latent genius is an eminently practical one. After cogitation, Prof. Ostwald came to the conclusion that it is those students who cannot be kept on the rails—that is, who are not contented with methodical teaching—who have within them the seeds of genius; and the writer's experience would lead him to the same conclusion.

But in order to lay a basis for such a deduction, vague, to some extent, because derived only from personal impressions, a careful comparison has been made of the lives of six men, all of whom had a great influence on the thought of their time. These are:—Davy and Faraday; Julius Robert Mayer, who shares with Joule the honor of having shown the equivalence of heat and work; Liebig; Gerhardt, who, in his day, contributed to the revolution in chemical thought; and Helmholtz.

These names belong to men of science, exclusively; the reason for the choice is perhaps to be found in words penned by Liebig:—

The history of the nations teaches us of the futile efforts of powers, political and ecclesiastical, to maintain spiritual and bodily slavery over mankind; future history will deal with the conquest of liberty, gained by the investigation of the reason of things, and of truth; a conquest gained by weapons unstained with blood, and on a field in which religion and morals take part only as feeble allies.

This, it may be remarked, is prophecy, and, as such, is at present beyond criticism; it may, however, be pointed out that to some of us, at least, the prospects held out by the remarkable conquests over what used to be called "the forces of nature" do not at present point to a speedy millennium. However, the retort is open that it is not the spread of the teachings of science, but a disregard for such teach-

ings, which is the reason that our moral progress does not keep pace with our material progress.

Be that as it may, Prof. Ostwald has given, in his masterly style, delightful sketches of the lives of these undoubtedly distinguished men. The biographies differ somewhat from the usual "lives," inasmuch as the failings, as well as the virtues, of the subjects have been touched on. No character is perfect, and, without ample knowledge, it is impossible to attempt to draw just conclusions.

One notable characteristic of men of genius is that it is rare for them to have come from either a high or a low grade of society. Exceptions are confined practically to England and France, as witness Boyle, Cavendish, and Lavoisier; Faraday might perhaps be instanced as an example—almost the sole example—of the second class.

Another characteristic is the very early age at which such men develop. Goethe was twenty-four years old when he electrified the German nation by his "Sorrows of Werther"; Schiller was twenty-two when he published "The Robbers"; Newton had invented the calculus, discovered the law of gravitation, and had completed his analysis of light before his twenty-fifth year; Linnæus had evolved his sexual system of plants at the age of twenty-four; and the list might be extended indefinitely, to Carnot, Clausius, Scheele, Berzelius, Vesalius, the reformer of the science of anatomy, the physiologists Ludwig, Helmholtz, and Du Bois Reymond, to, last, though not least, Kelvin. Youths who make their mark at a later age, as already remarked, show a distaste for the formal instruction which is still given in the public schools of Germany and England. In this connection it is interesting to note the saying of a writer on English public schools, himself once a distinguished headmaster, that, while

a classical or mathematical master does not fall off, indeed improves, with age, inasmuch as he perfects himself in methods of teaching practically unprogressive branches of learning, the science masters cannot but deteriorate, unless they keep abreast with the progress of science by increasing its bounds by their own efforts. Prof. Ostwald takes a strong view of the inutility of the training to be acquired from a linguistic, especially a classical, education, and believes that the usual duration of school life is far too great. In this the writer heartily concurs.

Had Kelvin or Leibnitz been so unfortunate as to have come into the world in our days, and in Germany, their early development would have been of no avail; they would have sat on the school benches till their eighteenth year—an age at which they had gained a prominent position in science.

The temperaments of the men whose lives are chronicled may be divided under two heads, "Klassiker," or "phlegmatic," to quote an old classification, and "Romantiker," or "sanguine." To the former class belonged Faraday, Mayer, and Helmholtz; to the latter Davy, Liebig, and Gerhardt. These temperaments correspond to the rate of reaction to external stimulus. The romantic type is eager, alert, impatient, and impulsive; the classic type painstaking, conscientious to a fault, self-criticising, and accurate. It is remarked on as curious that most men who have achieved greatness belong to one or other of these classes; it would appear that average minds, who occupy a mean position, being neither very impulsive nor very critical, have not the qualities which raise them above their fellows.

The "yield" of such minds, to use an expression borrowed from chemical manufacture, depends, according to Ostwald, on their "economic coeffi-

cient." To transform one kind of energy into another implies the "degradation" of a portion; this is the second law of thermodynamics. Born into the world with the usual amount of energy, i.e. capacity for work, some minds are so constituted as to transform a large portion of it so that it is of service to humanity, while a comparatively small portion is, as it were, wasted. The sum of the action of such minds constitutes human progress. It is necessary that the progress of the individual genius should be hindered as little as possible by artificial and unnecessary obstacles, and it would appear that in some countries the path is made easier than in others. Taking the membership of national academies as a test, if only a rough one, of scientific eminence, the proportion of distinguished men to the inhabitants, reckoned in millions, is in Saxony 0.2, in Baden and Norway 0.25, in Switzerland 0.33, in Holland and Bavaria 0.41, in England and Prussia 0.49, in France 0.79, in Italy 2.17, in Austria 2.7, in the United States 3.08, and in Russia 16.3; that is, for example, there is in Russia only one member of international academies to 16.3 million inhabitants. It can hardly be doubted that this low number is due to the hindrances which stand in the way of progress of youths who might, in Russia, display genius, and enrich the world by their efforts.

It is impossible to review such a book as this satisfactorily in a short article. It teems with interest, not only on account of the intrinsic attractiveness of the subject, but also because of the masterly grasp of it displayed by the author. Whatever Prof. Ostwald writes is sure to interest, owing to the originality of his mind and his lucid and attractive method of presentation. On every page there occurs some saying which excites attention, even although the reader may some-

times be disposed to challenge the conclusions drawn. The questions discussed are well worth the most careful consideration of all who have the welfare of humanity at heart. The problem considered is an eminently practical one.

tical one—perhaps the most practical problem which exists—and we owe the author a debt of gratitude for having introduced it to us in such a charming manner.

W. R.

A SON OF SATAN.

"Cabull grapes are sweet, Cabull horses are swift, Cabull women are fair, but a Cabull thief is a son of Satan."—*Sayings of Yakub the Wise.*

Yakub the Wise, who died at least a hundred years ago, scheduled four things for which Cabul is as famous now as it was in the days when he flourished. Cabull grapes picked from the stem and packed in their round chip boxes are much in evidence in the upper parts of India; Cabull horses, curved of ear and crooked of temper, are to be found in many places beyond the bounds of Afghanistan. Of the surpassing beauty of Cabull women rumor has spoken much, but by the nature of things rumor cannot in their case be justified. They are, we must believe, fair of skin, lissom of figure; their eyes are like the stars for brilliance and the moon for tenderness. Their voices resemble the murmur of the wind playing amid the dancing blossom of peach-trees; their breath is perfumed like the jasmine; their little feet are white as the snow; their fingers recall the rosebuds that blow in Gulistan—The Land of Roses. Their love, ah! that is like a draught of snow-water to one who wanders in the desert. So it really seems that Cabull women are exquisite creatures, though of course it is not for the eyes of a Kafir to dwell upon such perfection.

If the Cabull woman is a perfect type of her kind (and though Kafirs, let us politely grant her to be so), we know of our own knowledge and experience that the Cabull thief is an equally perfect type of his kind. He

is clever, he is daring, he is ready with his knife, he moves as swiftly as he strikes; and if in the pursuit of his calling he perchance slays a Kafir, why, that too is all to the good, for the same stroke that gives him the Kafir's property ensures also his own speedy admittance to Paradise and to the presence of the houris who await him there. And of this privilege you cannot deprive him, unless you hang him in a pigskin, or having killed him burn him with fire, either of which things makes him unacceptable to the Prophet.

And now we come to Hafiz Ullah, Cabull, who sat upon a newly-bought Cabull horse and ate Cabull grapes, making his way to the house of his kinsman, Chirag Ud Din, and swaggering as he did so.

Hafiz Ullah was dressed in his best finery; upon his shaven head was a turban of Kohat, the body of it black, the ends of it a glorious flare of saffron with perpendicular stripes of green, red and blue. His shirt was very clean and white, with silver studs at the throat, each linked to the next with a slender silver chain; his waistcoat was of apple-green, his baggy trousers white, and upon his feet were shoes of scarlet leather, with leather tags at the toes that curved stiffly backwards towards his insteps, showing brown and sinewy in the interval 'twixt trouser and shoe.

Certainly Hafiz Ullah was something

of a dandy; also he was light of heart, and, as he rode he hummed a stave or two of some bazaar ditty that he had picked up in India. He was in a gay mood, for after serving for ten years in a regiment of native cavalry in India he had now left the service, and he rejoiced to find himself at home for good; he had wearied of guards and duties, of musketry upon the range, of grooming horses, of politeness to policemen, and of the thousand and one irksome little things that were forced on him as a temporarily civilized man. He had wished for freedom and for home, and now he had regained both. There was money in his pockets, the Kafirs had taught him how to sight a rifle, which of course the said money would enable him to buy; he had a horse, and there were several peach-trees and a well of cool water at his house. What else was wanted? Why, of course an heir; therefore he must go courting.

So it was that we find Hafiz Ullah riding to the house of Chirag Ud Din; for his kinsman had a daughter, who might belike suit him.

Now Lala Gul, Tulip Rose as we should say, was a bewitching maiden of sixteen years; and it came to pass that she was drawing water at the well when Hafiz Ullah approached the house of her father, so that the rattle of the bucket as it splashed into the cool depths, and the draw of the rope upon the roller as she pulled it up, prevented her from hearing his approach. So lucky Hafiz Ullah had a chance of seeing her; he at once drew rein and sat quite still, and looked at her as she strained at the rope. He watched her eagerly as she poised the vessel on her head and went back into the house, and he waited awhile in case she should return to draw more water. Surely it must have been his fortunate day, for she came back, and again unseen he watched her, noting the curve

of her cheek, the slender roundness of her neck, the strength of her firm little arms; and when she had raised the bucket to the lip of the well she let it rest, and raising herself waited a moment before she picked it up and withdrew.

Hafiz Ullah tried to whistle, as he had seen his British officers do when surprised. Hafiz Ullah had been smitten with love. So he rode hastily to his kinsman's door.

"Have I not told thee," said Chirag Ud Din, "that I have betrothed the girl? Why then dost thou persist? Have done, and seek thy wife elsewhere."

For the third time Hafiz Ullah repeated his arguments.

"See then, Chirag Ud Din; am I not better than Sher Khan? Am I not a fine man? Have I not money, rupees of Hindustan, not Cabuli rupees? Am I not a kinsman? Moreover, I love this girl; give her then to me, and thou shalt not lose thereby."

Chirag Ud Din wavered a little, and his greedily old eyes twinkled.

"How shall I not lose if, having promised the girl to Sher Khan, I give her to thee? Sher Khan will be my enemy, and I am but an old man."

"I will make it worth thy while," urged the lover; "name a price, old man. And as for Sher Khan, what is he that he can harm the father-in-law of Hafiz Ullah?"

Hafiz Ullah spat to show his contempt for his rival.

"Listen then," said Chirag Ud Din: "the price I wish is a great one, but it is not in money nor in cattle."

He paused, and then continued, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"Rifles are what I want, and cartridges."

Hafiz Ullah was annoyed.

"Dost thou think, then, that I have brought rifles with me from Hindu-

stan? Are rifles so easy to come by? Jest not, Chirag Ud Din, but tell me the price, and tell me quickly."

"It is no jest," was the answer; "bring me two rifles and one hundred cartridges from Hindustan, and I will give thee the girl. Otherwise she will go to Sher Khan."

Hafiz Ullah reflected for some minutes in silence; the procuring of rifles from India is not a thing that can be arranged for off-hand. He sat, then, without speaking till he had thrashed out a rough plan.

"How much time wilt thou give me?" he asked at length. "This is not a thing to be done in a day or a week, or even in a month. If I bring thee the rifles in six months, wilt then give me the girl?"

"That will I," answered Chirag Ud Din; "if thou givest me two rifles and fifty cartridges, all European, within six months from this day, the girl shall be thine."

"Swear it upon the Prophet's beard, Chirag Ud Din," said Hafiz Ullah.

"I swear," said the lady's father, and bowing his head with due reverence he took the oath.

Now when Hafiz Ullah had gone a-wooing to the house of Chirag Ud Din he had done so after the manner of Orientals; he had never seen the girl he wanted to marry, nor had he expected to do so before he was actually wedded to her; therefore he was not in love with her. He had not thought of love as forming a factor in the business; he knew all he wanted to know of the girl, for his mother had seen her and was able to assure him that she was suitable and sound in mind and limb. All he had to do was to arrange the bargain with the girl's father.

But, of course, it was the unexpected that occurred. First he had seen Lala Gul with her face uncovered, which was, of course, strictly contrary

to custom and to propriety. And then that uncovered face, which he ought not to have seen, had so charmed him, had so bewitched him, that,—oh alack for the strength of Cabuli men, for the hearts of ex-troopers of the King-Emperor! he had actually fallen in love with it. Five minutes at gaze, and that *beau sabreur* Hafiz Ullah Khan had fallen a victim to his quarry, instead of the quarry falling a victim to him. He was actually in love; he, swaggering, swashbuckling Hafiz Ullah! Very much in love too, so that the blood mounted to his temples at the bare thought of her, and then cascaded back to his heart, and from there danced and tingled through every vein of his body.

And to crown this folly he had engaged to procure two rifles and some ammunition and to hand them over to that old fox Chirag Ud Din. That meant a long, weary journey back to India, for the state of the market in stolen rifles most certainly did not permit of his buying them; why, they would cost him more than 2000 rupees Cabuli. So back to India he must go, and that would be the least part of the business.

Men cannot go to a shop in India and say—"Please give me two Lee-Enfield rifles, and one hundred rounds. Here is my cheque." No, that cannot be done. If a native wants a Government rifle he must steal it, and stealing rifles is a difficult job. First you must mark down the regiment whom you propose to victimize; then you must study it and its habits, the habits of its quarterguard, the vigilance of its sentries. You must find out whether natives prowling round the magazines on dark nights are fired upon on sight or whether the sentry has the courtesy to challenge before he pulls the trigger. When you have done all that, you have got to get hold of the rifles; if you are detected in the act and are

caught, it is very likely that the soldiers of a red-coat regiment will kick you and trample upon you till all your bones are broken and you die; on the other hand, the men of a native regiment, if they catch you, will make a great din of talking and pull you in bits while they do so. So that you die in either case.

Again, having run that risk successfully, there are others quite as bad to follow. When you have got your rifles without stirring up the bees' nest, you make off as fast as you can either by byroads to a frontier or to a prearranged *caché*. And before you runs the Telegraph, and behind you come the Police. Yes, the Police—a sweating deputy-superintendent in a teral-hat and untidy clothes, a natty inspector, constables *ad lib.*; and in front of them, nosing out the spoor you leave behind you, the Police Tracker leads the way. The Tracker, a person unkempt and unclean, who reads tracks as the Mullah reads the Koran, with difficulty at times, but on the whole with sureness. The Tracker is a pest—to the dishonest; and then there are other police disguised as gentlemen, as babus, as what you like, who, receiving messages by the wire (which, though it hums in your ears as you pass never gives you a warning), lie in wait for you and arrest you when you least expect it. And lastly, you know that nearly all the world is against you; for even coolies, tempted by the reward and banded together, will not fear to lay you by the heels.

And then, ten years perhaps in the Andamans!

It hardly bears thinking of.

Yes it does, if you think at the same time of Lala Gul.

CHAPTER II.

Hafiz Ullah and his brother lay on their stomachs and wriggled a little

closer to the shallow depression, hardly a ditch, that ran between the road and the parade-ground. Across the road were the barracks of a British infantry regiment, arranged in blocks that receded from the road in two more or less parallel lines; nearest the road, facing it, and fifty yards from it, was the quarterguard, its door open and its oil-lamp shining dimly through the darkness of the sweltering night. The shadowy form of the sentry obscured it each time that he passed the door, pacing steadily to and fro upon his beat; another sentry stood motionless in the verandah, and upon the latter were fixed the eyes of Hafiz Ullah. The standing sentry was the one who had chiefly to be reckoned with,—the other might be dodged; but a thief, even a Cabuli thief, could hardly expect to enter the door unseen by a man who stood beside it. Once inside the guardroom the affair would not be so difficult; the other members of the guard would probably be heavy with sleep, their drowsy ears would hear nothing. If one awaked, he might perhaps be knifed, or the lamp could be knocked over, and the intruders could bolt through the door and fly into the darkness, risking the hasty aim of the sentries. But first of all that sentry standing motionless by the door must be avoided.

In this matter Hafiz Ullah had a plan, for he was far too wise to attempt that sort of thing haphazard; but his plan depended on various things, and luck counted largely. Hitherto luck had not favored him; for nearly three weeks he had waited patiently night after night for the chance that he wanted, but it had not come, and dawn after dawn had seen him and his brother withdraw carefully and cunningly to the bazaar where by day they lay in hiding.

The standing sentry turned and peered into the guardroom, then de-

scending from the verandah took the mallet and struck the hour upon the gong; the ringing strokes sounded curiously loud in the dead stillness of the June night, one two—three four—five six—seven eight—nine ten—eleven—. The man hung the mallet upon the tripod of the gong, and straightened himself.

"No. 1 and all's well," he cried in a sing-song voice.

"No. 2 and all's well," replied the other sentry, and from round the corner there came, like an echo, the voice of the sentry upon the magazine—

"No. 3 and all's well."

In the distance, to show that they too heard, some jackals howled and yowled miserably, their voices sounding like the cries of babies in torment.

Hafiz Ullah turned upon his back and studied the sky. At last, a long last, it seemed as if his chance was coming. The stifling, heavy, breathless air, the heat oppressive, almost insupportable even at this late hour of night, gave presage of relief to come—relief that would come with rousing violence and would give to Hafiz Ullah the chance which he so much desired.

As he turned to look at the sky the distant rumbling and grumbling of thunder broke upon his ear; a ponderous inky mass of cloud, showing dense against the murky darkness, filled the whole of the lower sky. Hafiz Ullah heard, saw, hoped, braced his muscles for action. The silver ring on his finger rattled faintly on the haft of his knife as he hitched it forward to his hand.

"In three minutes," he whispered to his companion; "in three minutes, if it be the will of God."

Slowly, slowly, the minutes passed; fast and faster came the great sombre mass of cloud. There was a great stillness of the air, but the thunder, sounding ever nearer and nearer, was

like a continuous ruffle of the drums of heaven.

And then, and then, with a roar, with a howling shriek the dust-storm swept upon them; it wrenched at the straining, creaking trees, it leapt at them like a tidal wave, bending them and tearing them till their limbs cracked and fell. And the dust! The yellow, blinding, choking dust, which forced its way into the hair, the eyes, the nose, the mouth; which made the darkness, black enough before, impenetrable with its driving, drifting grains of sand.

The guardroom light flickered for a moment, and then its feeble ray vanished, as with a crash the wind hurled the lantern to the ground.

"Come," cried Hafiz Ullah into his brother's ear; and the two rose and with bent bodies ran for the guardroom.

"Hurry up with that lamp, you men," called the sergeant of the guard to the two sentries, who were vainly trying to light it. The sergeant hurried to join them; within the guardroom the other soldiers of the guard, cursing or chaffing as the mood took them, covered each his mouth with his blanket and wished for day. The noise in the room was deafening, for the wind whirled and swirled, whistling through the timbers of the roof, seeking for crannies to escape; outside the storm roared and the deafening crashes of the thunder seemed to split the sky.

So no one saw or heard the two dusty figures, each with a knife between its teeth, which crept quickly in, and silently seizing the arm-rack carried it bodily forth into the outer darkness.

The night swallowed them up; "The wind passed over them and they were gone," gone with four of the Government's new short Lee-Enfield rifles.

And when the sweating deputy-su-

perintendent of police arrived very early next morning with his myrmidons, the natty inspector, the constables in blue coats and mustard-colored trousers, and that pest of a man the Tracker, Hafiz Ullah and his brother, mounted on swift camels, were speeding by little-used tracks towards the frontier.

The pest of a Tracker made casts like a pack of hounds while the police officers catechised cringing sweepers and other barrack servants. He was making casts during the whole of the morning, and making them vainly.

"Protector of the Poor," said the Tracker at last, "the wind and the dust have destroyed all tracks. Therefore I am helpless."

"You are the Son of an Owl," said the D.S.P., who was notoriously fond of abuse.

And the sergeant of the guard, under arrest in his quarters, thought bitterly upon dust-storms and wondered who would be president of the court-martial.

But Hafiz Ullah, travelling by a thieves' road, thought blithely of a certain damsel and pictured her as drawing water from the well, which pleased his heart and tantalized his parched and drouthy throat.

And in a husky voice he gave tongue to the well-known bazaar song: "Taza ba-taza, Nau-ba-nau."

CHAPTER III.

Hafiz Ullah, weary but happy, approached his father's house. He had saved his time with a month and more to spare, and cunningly hidden in bales of merchandise were four rifles, all with the Government mark, all in good condition. In vain had trackers tracked, policemen searched, detectives watched, telegraphs ticked. Hafiz Ullah had baffled them all—had, as it were, defeated the British Empire off his own bat, and with a minimum

of bloodshed. There had been one little scuffle, but one policeman's life was of small account when weighed in the balance with the girl who drew water at her father's well.

Therefore Hafiz Ullah rejoiced and was glad, and entered his father's house with a light heart and a happy smile. He greeted his mother, and saw not that she eyed him anxiously, and had to swallow before she could speak; he failed to note the concern in her face and the compassion in her eyes when she looked at him.

"Give me food, oh mother," he said, "that I may eat before I go to the house of Chirag Ud Din. All is well, and though I have not the ammunition I can balance the matter with an extra rifle. God has been merciful; my kismet is good. Therefore bring food quickly that no delay may occur."

His mother loved Hafiz Ullah; she shrank from telling him the news that would hurt him: It was hard that it must be her hand that dealt the wound to the creature she loved most in all the world. But it had to be, and she spoke.

"She is married to Sher Khan; that son of a burnt father would not wait for thy return. Sher Khan offered him money, and he gave him the girl, laughing at me when I spoke of thee."

The old woman wept, and Hafiz Ullah stared at her as though he had not heard.

Perhaps half an hour passed in silence, while the woman cried gently, and Hafiz Ullah sat motionless with eyes fixed on the floor, his face void of expression. But in his heart was a furnace, and the temper of a devil held him.

Chirag Ud Din had played him a trick; Lala Gul was the wife of Sher Khan; Sher Khan, whom he had always despised in his heart, was the husband of Lala Gul. At length Hafiz Ullah spoke.

"It was a jest of Chirag Ud Din's; but what of it? What is a woman to me? And in truth I have the rifles. There are other women besides the daughter of Chirag Ud Din. Enough!"

He went out, and his mother rocked herself to and fro, crying bitterly.

"Do I not know him? Is he not his father's son, so that when he says least he means most? I, who know his heart, can see the fire that is burning him."

She continued muttering to herself, and then habit reasserting itself, she put her trouble from her while she went about her household duties. But her heart was heavy within her, for she knew that trouble was brewing.

Hafiz Ullah sat in the house of Chirag Ud Din and talked pleasantly with his host.

"So then the girl is married to Sher Khan, and thou did'st not wait for my return. Well, thou did'st wisely, for in truth I could get no rifles, and have returned with empty hands."

"Ah, I knew it," said Chirag Ud Din; "when I set thee the task I did but jest, for well I knew that you could not perform it. In truth, I thought not that thou would'st try, and therefore I considered it needless to await thee."

"Liar," muttered Hafiz Ullah under his breath; but smiling pleasantly he said, "Of course it was a jest about the rifles. And indeed Sher Khan is a rich man, and doubtless the wedding was a fine one, with much dancing and singing. But I warrant Sher Khan knew nought of the jest of the rifles that thou madest with me."

He laughed heartily at the idea.

"No, I had not mentioned it to him, for had I done so he would have thought it strange that you had set eyes on the girl in the first place. No, he knows nought of thee, and as

for Lala Gul, what concern was it of hers?"

That was what Hafiz Ullah had come to find out, and his business was now finished—nearly.

"Ah, it is well then," he said. "And now of thy kindness give me a draught of sherbet, for I am thirsty."

Chirag Ud Din rose to get it, and as he turned his back Hafiz Ullah's knife was planted in it, neatly, violently, fatally.

Hafiz Ullah went swiftly forth. None had seen him enter, for he had waited to do so till the coast was clear; none saw him leave. Therefore none knew, save perhaps the mother of Hafiz Ullah, who it was that had slain Chirag Ud Din.

Hafiz Ullah had wiped off one score, but he was not satisfied. In his heart were rage and envy, hatred and love, and what he could not have himself another should not have if he could help it. Therefore Sher Khan must die; yes, and Lala Gul too, if there were any difficulty. For disappointed love had turned, in his warped and bitter mind, to hatred, and unconsciously he had begun to hold her responsible for her father's falseness. In his first blaze of anger he had been something devilish; but now in the brooding, smouldering, selfish, torturing resentment which fed upon his heart and twisted his bitter, miserable mind, he was something far worse—something snake-like, treacherous, poisonous, a thing that could wait for revenge with patience, that lusted for blood so deeply that it could bide its time and its chance, calculating coldly and calmly the means, the opportunity, the probabilities of success.

But how could he get at Sher Khan? He was a man of means, who had many servants, who went well armed himself and saw that his retainers did likewise. There was little chance of

killing him in the open. An ambush would be of little avail; for what could one man do against the eight or ten who generally accompanied Sher Khan when he went abroad? A long shot was too uncertain and too risky.

So the devil entered into Hafiz Ullah and whispered to him that the only way was to do it by treachery—to get on terms of friendship with Sher Khan, to become, if possible, his intimate, and thus to find the opportunity that his heart desired. And Hafiz Ullah lent a willing ear to the devil and set himself patiently to work.

Weeks passed, and every bitter day brought greater bitterness to Hafiz Ullah's heart. His smiling face, as he talked, walked, hawked, with Sher Khan, was a masque that hid a cruel, treacherous, malicious, devilish mind.

Day after day, week after week, till at length it grew to be month after month, he talked with Sher Khan, hunted with him, played with him, rode with him, ate with him, drank with him, almost lived with him; he was ready to do everything and anything with him, save only to forgive him for the wrong towards himself that Sher Khan had not been guilty of.

In fact Hafiz Ullah was obsessed: he was a maniac in this one respect, and to it he sacrificed everything—his self-respect, his honor, his position of trusted friend. He was false to himself, to the love that had turned to gall, to Sher Khan, to the salt that he had eaten.

Indeed he had verified Yakub's saying, and had become a son of Satan.

And at last one day he felt that his cup of bitterness was full. For an heir was born to Sher Khan, and the brown baby lifted up his voice and wept, as though he realized his own piteous state; for he had hardly entered the world before Lala Gul—The

Tulip Rose, the maid drawing water at the well—smiling happily, sighed and died.

And Hafiz Ullah, possessed of seven devils, and himself a son of Satan, retired to a lonely place and wept scalding tears of sorrow, self-pity, loneliness, and envy.

The child that should have been his was Sher Khan's; the maid that should have been his had been Sher Khan's, and was now dead and beyond his reach to kill or to take as he pleased when he had disposed of her husband. Hafiz Ullah, ex-trooper, with two good conduct stripes and two medals, wept bitterly.

And still the months went on; for now Hafiz Ullah, a definite plan in his head, could wait in patience. He had found a way by which Sher Khan should make him at least partial restitution, and his thoughts dwelt now more upon the future than the past.

And little Allah Buksh—"The Gift of God"—throve and waxed fat and was merry. He was the joy of his father's house, and the brown fingers that plucked strongly at Hafiz Ullah's beard gripped still more strongly at Hafiz Ullah's heart. Never were seen two such devoted friends as the brown baby that smiled and gurgled and the treacherous Afghan who held him in his muscular, hair-covered arms. In secret Hafiz Ullah addressed him as My Son, and continually he sharpened the knife and passed his thumb along its razor edge.

And the months passed rapidly till the child was weaned. When he was eight months old Allah Buksh was a strong little boy, and the women of the household, with holding up of hands, averred that never had been seen such legs, such arms, such a powerful little body.

And one of them, a servant, seeing Hafiz Ullah as usual playing with the child, called to him and said—

"In truth, Hafiz Ullah, the child is as it were thine own son."

And that speech filled the cup.

Sher Khan bent over the little figure which lay beside his own string bedstead. He touched Allah Buksh's head with his hand, then lay down, drew the quilt over his head, and slept the sleep of the man who is content with his lot in life. An hour, perhaps two hours, later a man crept stealthily into the room; crouching, moving with silent, cat-like steps, he approached the sleeping man. Something woke little Allah Buksh and he uncured himself and sat up with a wall.

Hafiz Ullah made a spring at the bed, and hurling himself upon Sher Khan, plunged the oft-sharpened knife once, twice, three times into his neck. Then turning to the baby, he lifted him with bloody hands; and the child, knowing his friend, allowed himself to be soothed and hushed till he fell asleep.

Hafiz Ullah, covering the child carefully, stole forth.

Considering the greatness of the distance to be travelled, it was not long after this that Hafiz Ullah presented himself a little travel-worn, somewhat aged, rather haggard, to the adjutant of the cavalry regiment in which he had formerly served. To him he made his petition and told his tale.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Sahib, I have returned to re-enlist; speak for me to the Colonel Sahib that he may take me back into the regiment. The reason of this? Now I will tell the truth and hide nothing. In my own country I fell on evil days, for a Sirdar, a great man, cast envious eyes upon my lands; he oppressed me greatly; he seized the land; he took from me my cattle. Thus was I ruined. Finally, my wife died of smallpox after great suffering. Therefore taking my son, who is yet a babe, I fled from that country, where only evil befell me, and lo! I have come again to serve the Government."

So Hafiz Ullah was re-enlisted; he is now a non-commissioned officer. Some day he will very likely be given a grant of land upon one of the new Canal Colonies. In the meantime he teaches the lance exercise to recruits, and has nearly convinced himself that Allah Buksh is really his own son. Allah Buksh never doubts it, and the two love each other greatly.

To quote Yakub once again—

"God the All-Merciful painted the rainbow, the flowers, and a woman's eyes with His right hand. But He tied His right hand behind His back when He painted the heart of man. Yet who shall deny the wisdom of God?"

Septimus.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE STARS.

We listen now and again to a lecture on the stars. As a rule, it consists of a theory to account for their presence in the heavens, and an effort to convey some idea of their vast distances from us and the rates and directions of their motions. Standards of time, distance, and speed of which we have experience on earth have to

give way to standards of which we can have little conception. The unit of a mile a minute, the best we travel at, is superseded by the speed of light, at which we never shall travel—unless it be by the light-allied ethereal element in our being when, having shed its clogging vesture of flesh, it wings its way back to God, "who dwelleth even

above the stars." It should be less hard to die on a starry than a clouded night.

But although we cannot follow fully the scientific methods by which the results given us have been arrived at, we yet believe them to be true, as far as human knowledge and skill have gone, and are generally much interested. The interest, however, does not penetrate deeply nor last long. It is rubbed off the tablets of the mind with much the same ease as the imposing cypher-line of star distance is wiped off the demonstration board. By the time we have reached the home gate, the stars are again shining with their accustomed light, and are not the swiftly moving spheres of the lecture dimly seen through depths of space? Science is as yet too young to make an impression that can displace the so much older, more mellow, and more soothing one of tradition, fancy, and sentiment. It is, as it were, the trained, keen glance through a telescope, the marking of angles painfully small, and an expression of results in complicated mathematical terms, opposed to the calm upward gaze of the Eastern sage, and the thoughtful writing on his scroll of:—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?" It is thus vaguely, of a piece with their remoteness, but yet with a strong love, that most of us regard the stars. The sun is a fierce lord, demanding active effort in return for the aid of his countenance; and the moon is a fickle mistress, with her face, as a rule, turned wholly or in part away from her lover. She is very lovable, with her *amica silentia*, but the love begotten varies with her mood. We regard the stars differently. Old and

faithful friends of our childhood, youth, and age, they are always the same. The observer with more deliberate vision, when life has passed onwards towards the close of its allotted span, can count upon seeing the same stars in the same part of the heavens as when he looked at them carelessly and fitfully in his fresh and eager youth. He has passed through much of joy and sorrow in the interval, but throughout it all the "Wain" has travelled softly every night along the same distant road. The impression of stability in an unstable world begets a sense of profound comfort. He may have travelled over half a world, yet however strange his day scenes, he has been able to return home by starlight. In changing hemispheres he certainly would drop temporarily one set of star friends to pick up another. But the old ones were ready in their accustomed place to welcome him as soon as he recrossed a well-known line. The sea-weary sailor of the Northern world, after rounding Cape Horn, looks out for the North Star as "the first land he makes." For the closer welcome home, however changed men and things may have become, the relation of a cluster of stars to the church tower, the crest of the hill, or sea horizon brings back more quickly and fully old memories and associations to the mind than aught else. When the wanderer returned to Locksley Hall his soul readily found anchorage to the stars:—

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

It is easy to conceive how in an earlier age the stars, always steadily looking down from the same positions

in the heavens, should have come to be regarded as powers influencing the destinies of men. The necessity for regarding some of them as enemies, to account for adverse rulings in earthly courses, has, happily, been cleared away, and now all are friends in "the house of life,"—cheerful friends, to boot, for they are always shining. Earth mists dim at times their brightness, or even conceal them wholly from us for a season. But this only adds to their charm. The face of the human friend must at times be clouded to be lovably human. The same bright, unvarying smile would become unmeaning, if not repellent. The love is warmer when embracing the glittering brightness of a star on a frosty night, its globular radiance from a mountain height, and the softer light in summer.

The great majority, unfortunately, pass through life without having made friends with the stars. They have been too intent upon everyday struggles. Market prices are not quoted in star-script. They have Nature's usual kindly compensation of not realizing their loss, for the highest friendship is largely unconscious of itself. The determination to be friendly defeats its purpose, and we only realize the meaning and worth of friends when it occasionally strikes us what the world would be like without them. As dreary as the sky without the stars. Pregnant of misery and disaster are the comments upon the supposition by all to whom it has suggested itself, and especially by those sacred writers who turned for their highest inspiration to the book of the heavens. "Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark." "For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light." "The stars shall withdraw their shining." "I will cover the heaven and make the stars thereof dark." A deeper gloom must have been cast over

the soul of Satan when upon his first visit to earth he found it not only

"Dark, waste and wild under the frown of night,"

but also "starless."

The stars, as seems natural, were kindly friends to human St. Paul, for when in tribulation on the sea, he writes that "when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." There is no more cheering and hopeful presence to the storm-tossed sailor than the peep of a star through a ragged rift in wind-torn clouds, and in times of less stress, with a hundred of its brethren, it is ready to point out his path to him upon the waste of waters.

From the human standard the stars necessarily lose in the objective solidity of friendship, owing to their mysterious distance from us; but, on the other hand, they gain subjectively in its range, elevation, and purity. Human nature is too commonplace to be able to supply all that is unconsciously looked for in a friend. The one who expects does not possess it himself, although he is not aware of the fact. To make up for deficiencies, subjective bias magnifies what is small, and supplies what is lacking, and as there is not so favorable a field for its exercise when friends come often into contact with each other, friendship is stronger and more lasting when they meet more rarely. We readily find the qualities we most desire in our friends the stars, and there is no danger of being disappointed in the materialism of closer contact, unless temporarily when listening to the lecture. In particular do we find them the true friends of adversity. Ask the invalid, with the dragging length of a sleepless night, or the wearier length of the longed-for day, pressing on his soul, what he thinks of the morning star, or the

first glimmer of that of evening! They are truly to him "the lamps of God."

A steady look at the stars is the most soothing anodyne to pride and self-esteem unjustly bruised,—oftentimes harder to bear than physical pain. But our friendships, happily, are but infrequently those of pain. In the long courses of life free from it, love gains a greater depth, ambition a loftier tone, and sympathy a nobler breadth after a communing with our friends the

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stars; and as for the petty worries of which every life has a full share, they appear too insignificant to be worth troubling about. And this high dignity of friendship the stars will always carry, for was not the deepest expression of the friendship of God Himself towards man heralded to him on the beam of a star, that bright Star of Bethlehem whose light has brightened, and will ever continue to brighten, many a dark corner and weary hour of earth?

WHY THE BUDGET IS "POPULAR."

[Addressed to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by a typical member of the class which constitutes the vast majority of the electorate.]

You ask me if your little Bill,
Round which the bees of faction buzz,
Causes my heart a happy thrill?
My answer is: "It does."

I like a thing that knocks the folks
Who mope and bloat and dance and dine,
That takes the stuff from out their pokes
And puts it into mine.

Not that I care who pays my way;
Such worries never make me fret;
I'm always free, come whence it may,
To pouch what I can get.

The thought of charity I detest
But mean to bear it like a man;
You tap the source, I'll do the rest
And swallow all I can.

And, though you chop and change your Bill
From what was perfect at the start,
In my opinion it is still
A noble Work of Art.

Whether the owner or the State
Should pay the valuation fee
May be a matter for debate
But makes no odds to me.

Baccy and sugar, tea and beer—
That's all of mine your taxes touch;
A halfpenny there, a farthing here—
It don't amount to much.

That's why I bless the lavish hand
That lets me use for my defence
A thumping Navy, built and manned
At other men's expense.

Nor could I bring myself to blame
A scheme that gives me, free as air,
Schools, baths and pensions, just the same
As if I'd paid my share.

So clear, indeed, its merits lie
That, when you ask me if I view
Your Budget with complacent eye,
I'm bound to say, "I do."

I can't requite, and you would flinch
At all reward for service done,
But if you need me at a pinch,
My heart is yours, for one.

Yes, though I'm sure that you would shove
The hint of payment down my throat,
I shan't forget your proofs of love,
And you shall have my vote.

Owen Seanan.

Punch.

THE TASK OF THE TURKS.

Lord Curzon, in his recent excellent speech made clear the feeling of British good-will towards Turkey. The cry of "*Effendimez Chok yasha*" rang through the great room at Hôtel Cecil as the delegates from the Imperial Ottoman Parliament acclaimed the toast to the health of Sultan Mahomed V. We were glad to hear that of all the Indian feudatory princes none were more loyal than those of the Moslem faith. Lord Curzon spoke only the truth when he alluded to the difficulties of the task before the Turks. Reactionary forces, temporarily hidden, may at any moment, like an after-burst

of Vesuvius, upset and destroy perhaps all around them. The various evil traditions and customs of their own country had to be combated by the members of the New Turkish Parliament, and they had jealous and powerful neighbors in Europe who may (although Lord Curzon did not voice this feeling) profit from the fact that the fringe of States who have gained their liberty at Turkey's expense are not yet all contented. It is indeed "a stupendous task" before our friends! To find the experts to organize and train; to mould activities and repress extravagances in their midst; to retain the

loyalty of their magnificent army; to secure the defences of their Empire; to reconstruct the navy; all this will demand money as well as courage. We are indeed glad to welcome among us the patriotic Turks who desire our support. We must be prepared to give them help, financial—and perhaps of another sort—though it must be, as Sir Edward Grey assured the delegates at the House of Commons luncheon, “help without interference.” Above all, we trust the Turks will sternly repress all attempts to revive those feuds amongst their own people that have only lately filled their most ardent sympathizers with horror. For it is these feuds that alienate the sympathy of nations and give the enemies of Turkey—open or secret—the greatest assistance in attacking her.

Mr. E. F. Knight, in his excellent book *The Awakening of Turkey*, points out that a sharp distinction must be drawn between the governing or Turkish race and those subject Moslem races, Kurd and Circassian, whose fanaticism and cruelty, fostered by a decaying despotism, have been so often held up as typical of Turkish character. The men who first undertook the task of regenerating Turkey are not those who are now reaping the reward. The pioneers of the movement for freedom suffered in exile and in prison for their propaganda. In the drawing-room of the old house of the Bluns which shows the initials of its restorer, Thomas Dalrymple, who commanded the Royal Army at Worcester in 1651, one met in the fifties and sixties of the last century, Reshid, Fuad, and the gentle yet dauntless Midhat. These men, under the reigns of Sultans Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, laid the “solid foundations of Liberalism in the Turkish Empire.” It was not easy to build such an edifice on the soil watered by the blood of so many martyrs, stiff with the prejudice of ages. The rocks

were the intrigues of Bulgar, of Greek, of Serb, of Wallach; the craft and ambition of Armenian; the lust and cruelty of Kurd and Lazli. The Lazlis, who inhabit the country between Trebizond and Batum, are often called Circassians. Call them what you will, they are cruel oppressors. And not only the Christian subjects of the Sultan were terrorized by them and the Kurds. Ask the Arabs of Irak-Arabi, of the borders of the Great Nefud, the Syrians of the desert, how they suffered during the despotism of Abdul Hamid's reign. A wave of sympathy from Exeter Hall ran through England in favor of Turkey's Christian enemies, but any stick was good enough to beat the Turkish dog with. The most absurd falsehoods were circulated against the Ottomans in London; so that our old ally of Silistria and Kars suffered perhaps more from our ignorant criticism than from the callous indifference of other Western Powers.

If the task of the Turks be considered *seriatim* it will be found no small one. Albania, coveted by Austria, remembered by Italy, whose Southern population is intimately associated with the Albanians, is now being pacified by Djavet Pasha's troops. It is in a state of constant ferment. Macedonia is recovering from the throes of internecine feuds and international surveillance. The gathering of harvests will keep the people of the regions of Monastir (Bitolla) and Salonika quiet until the *atar gâi* and plums and corn are made or carried. About Grevena and Diskata the troublesome Greeks have to be carefully watched, and their relations with their brothers in Salonika and the capital considered. In the Adrianople district the tramp of armed men is heard. The necessity for concentration has passed as regards Bulgaria, but the riffraff of Anatolia has been transferred there for surveillance. This, so far, is European Tur-

key, not too promising a look-out. But the prospect there is pleasing compared with that across the water. Brussa, connected by rail with Mudania on the Sea of Marmora, is quiet, for there and in Ismid the cultivation of mulberry-trees and cocoons occupies the peasantry. The production of attar of roses is encouraged by the Government, who supply stocks of rose plants to the people. The provinces of Asia Minor are rich in minerals if the mines were worked. In the Smyrna sanjak both gold and silver are found. The turbulent Greeks of the islands are kept in awe by the arrival of Admiral Gambier, for since he came to Turkey the new cruisers can move. They carry convincing arguments in the shape of 6-inch and 4.7-inch guns. The district of Erzinjan and Erzerum is very turbulent, the reactionary elements in the Fourth Army Corps are opposed to the new régime. Of the Lazis in Lazistan next to the Russian frontier, it will be enough to say that they, with the Kurds, filled the saddles of the Hamidian cavalry. In Kurdistan are the devil-worshippers. They dwell in the mountains which feed the Tigris and Euphrates, and make life a burden for those who inhabit Diabekr, Mosul, etc. Syria is full of troubles. It is the playground, or rather the battlefield, of Turks, Arabs, Druses, Maronites, Jews, and Germans. The latter, engaged in agriculture, are orderly and peaceful. In Anatolia the people turn from weaving to warfare, and *vice versa*. The recent massacres at Adana, forty-two miles by rail from Mersina on the sea-coast, are only too fresh in our memories. To amalgamate these various races and creeds is no easy matter. Asiatic Turkey and Arabia have still to be won over to the reform movement. The Young Turks have a heavy task before them. They deserve our sincere sympathy. They are introduc-

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ing into Turkey the reforms that the Barons forced on John; that Hampden, Pym, and others wrenched from an unwilling Charles.

But all these troubles are little in comparison with that which the Ottoman Greeks will give to Turkey in the future. It is doubtful whether they will accept army service, and they may send out new bands in Macedonia. They are financed by rich merchants in Constantinople, Salonika, Athens, Liverpool, London, and Brighton. I need not give their names. Even now the *Osmanischer Lloyd* is putting out its feelers for them. The Young Turks know that whilst Athens' attitude may be formally correct, the cheques from London and Salonika are passing into the hands of the *Komitajis*. Our Press and public must "gang canny," for our friends the Italians do not see in this affair with our eyes. We must give and take, and establish an agreement. After all, the Cretans, we are told, "are a turbulent race, of proved and proverbial mendacity, bold, independent, and hard to govern." We need not take for gospel truth all their assertions. The Powers made a mistake at Halepa in 1869. The convention signed there made concessions to the Islanders which were not fully carried into effect. We have a reputation for truth in Turkey and in Egypt, let us not lose it in the labyrinth of Greek intrigue. The Cretans are practically independent. Let them beware, lest in pursuing the shadow of Minos' crown they let fall the tangible benefits which the Powers at so much difficulty have procured for them. The nation that holds Crete must possess the command of the Levant. The Romans, Greek Emperors, Saracens, Crusaders, Venetians, and Turks in turn ruled the waves. That is the lesson which the Turks may take to heart in the twentieth century.

Ex-Diplomat.

WHAT HE WAS LIKE.

Old acquaintance is the heart of friendship. We think of some friendships that began before memory began. Other friends we remember making—how and where we met them first, and the impression they made on us. Sometimes the contrast between first impression and the knowledge of years is ludicrous. The mind was on the alert when we met the stranger; it was quick and eager to master his outlook and his ways of thought, to see what he was, and to get his right size; we wanted to know where we were, in short. So it is always with new faces. But, as time goes on, we notice less and less; we see more of the man, we study him less, it would seem. Yet it is this careless intercourse that counts. The mind is off guard, and, so far as it is conscious of it, it is doing nothing. In reality, it is receiving a host of unnoticed impressions, which in the long run may have extraordinary influence.

Cannot many a man point to some long and pleasant, easy-going friendship, a continuous source of interest and ease of mind, which went on without much reflection, till one day he woke up and found *himself* another man—re-made by another's personality, in the ordinary round of life, in work and play and talk, in talk of books and business, of neighbors and old memories? Slowly one has reached the other's point of view; his life has been learned piece-meal as he tells of its crises, and how he felt at this great moment and that; how he was disappointed at first, but soon came to another mind; how after that he found a great joy, and lived on it for years; and then how it was taken away, but nothing could keep him from living on it still. Stage by stage, by unconscious and freely given sympathy, one has lived the other man's life; one has seen

things and felt them as he saw and felt them; one has slipped unawares into his language, and by degrees into his thoughts. Then comes a great separation, perhaps—the friend dies, or duty sends us different ways; the ocean lies between us; one comes back to the old home, and there, alone among one's original friends, among familiar scenes, one finds oneself the strange figure; for the real intimate is across the sea, or beyond the grave. And then with surprise one realizes how close had been the identification with the friend now far away.

The task comes of telling others what has happened to us, and we begin to make trials at biography.

Here's my case; of old I used to love him.

But what *was* he? What was he not? What are we to say? Most of us break down when it comes to the systematic evolution of a character. If our friends to-day want to know what the great man was of whom they hear so much, they have really to repeat our experience, and gather him up piece-meal. And it is really a wonderful thing how much the mind can absorb in this way, quite unconsciously, how much it can keep, and how well, without effort, it can co-ordinate what it keeps into a general idea.

The next stage is the written biography. But what are we to put into that? Some people have recourse to adjectives, and the result is idle and flavorless. Some confine themselves to the great thoughts and the great labors, till the man is lost in the hero, and not easily distinguishable, perhaps, from an abstract idea. And then a man comes, who is such a fool as not to be able to tell the significant from the insignificant, and he babbles away

in volume after volume about odd and irrelevant things—gestures, orange-peel, paving stones, wigs, lodgings, quips, nonsense, all mixed hopelessly together with things of real moment—till we are not quite sure whether the writer is a total fool or only a partial one, but somehow we read on and re-read, and Boswell's Dr. Johnson becomes an intimate of our own.

Now to pass to another region. The greatest change the world has seen was brought about by an intimacy and a biography. "He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him." So runs the oldest account of it in Mark's Gospel. Under the necessity of compression for the sake of working in more material, Matthew and Luke abridge this, and the needless phrase "that they should be with him" is cut away. A quite needless phrase, like many more in Mark, which are also omitted, and yet how essential! The thing is implied by the other writers, but are not the quiet and unobtrusive words worth remembering? Do they not contain the gist of the whole matter? In epitome what else would the history of Christianity be—of Christianity, that is, so far as it is a real thing, a force and a factor, and not a logomachy or a label?

One thing is worth noting at once. The writers of the first three gospels—probably all three, certainly two of them—had little or no first-hand intercourse with Jesus. They are using other men's reminiscences. This makes it more remarkable how little of the adjective there is in their work—no compliment, no eulogy, no great passages of encomium or commendation. "Why callest thou me good?" So it is recorded that Jesus asked a man once; and it looks as if the mood had passed over into his intimates. They did not "call him good"; they had no

adjectives for him, any more than a man has adjectives for his father or his wife or his child when they mean most to him. The lips may tighten, and say more so than any adjective could achieve. The men who were with Jesus were too full of him for the facile relief of praise. How had it come about?

These men consorted with him in a life of wandering and often of weariness. One vivid incident survives of a day's travel. Once, after the day's march—and that no ordinary one, for it was full of a marked tension, his face was "set"—he and his friends came to a village where they expected to rest. But the messengers whom they had sent on ahead met them with no pleasant news—they would not be received. No one who has not known what it is to be refused bread when hungry and weary will quite guess what it meant. Now it is such moments that show the man, for then he is off his guard. There was nothing to be done but to tramp on; so on they tramped. There were angry looks and hot words—all futile; old stories came back—if one had Elijah's power now, and could call fire from Heaven—"But he turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." After this, the evangelist says simply: "And they went to another village"—a quiet ending, but full of significance. So they lived. "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head." It is such a life, stripped of all padding, that shows the real man.

But many another day's ending is lost to us. What was the talk, as they sat at the night's meal? Was it always intense? Did he never (in our rather foolish phrase) "unbend"? Was he gay or bright—if men can be so without ceasing to be earnest, which some seem to doubt? As they broke bread among

themselves, when there were no crowds, on what did their talk run? Had he what we call "little ways"? "I know you by the wagging of your head," says some one in Shakespeare. "You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he!" One thing of this kind survives in the narratives—the fixed gaze and the pause which came when he was going to speak with effect. There are also one or two special words which are quoted as his. There must have been much else as familiar. They must have known him through and through—the inflexions of his voice, his characteristic movements, his step in the darkness, the hang of his clothes, and all such things. Did he speak quickly or slowly? Parables, aphorisms—how dull the set terms sound, when they are labels tied to his words! What proportion have we of all he spoke? And how and when and where did he speak this or that? Was it in a long talk, or suddenly, flashed out with gaze and pause as prelude?

What subjects occupied their leisure? Herods, Roman governors, zealots, Custom House memories, tales of the fishermen's life on the lake, stories of neighbors and of home, what not? What failed to interest him? One cannot picture him as other than deeply read in human experience.

But it is when we reach the heart of the story that imagination fails. The problem is hard. Here are these men, a commonplace, uneducated, and miscellaneous group, dull, as he found and, as he said, at taking in his deepest thoughts, a quite impossible and impracticable regiment for a crusade. And then, a few years later, what do we find? Something has happened to them; they are magnetic with a new power, and draw strong men and wise about them, and foolish men, too, and depraved, it may be, and hopeless—

any creature that is human and capable of conceiving that there may be something he does not know. Set down in black and white, what they had to say looked odd and doubtful; some saw at a glance that it was folly. But the spoken word was another thing; the man behind the message gave it a life that went beyond anything that could have been guessed. Elders and scribes and high priests, we read—and it is true of a great many more—"took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

The problem is to find what made the transformation, and the two passages with the same phrase give the answer clearly enough. They had "been with him"—and the answer grows stranger the more we realize it. It was not what he said, nor exactly how he said it, nor what he did, but the whole effect of Himself. No one will readily understand this who has not had a great intimacy with someone else, with someone of clear mind and kindly heart, richly gifted with the aptitudes that go to make experience and character.

Criticism is the easiest and sorriest trade a beginner can learn in a twinkling. Disraeli spoke of critics as those who have failed; the more drastic sort have never begun. But criticism that is to count must rest on experience; and if the gospels and the movement connected with them are to be criticised, as of course they must be by every intelligent person who is confronted with them, they, too, must be criticised on the basis of knowledge. But here the knowledge, to be of much use, cannot be got from book or books, but it must be gathered, slowly and half-unconsciously, in the original way from an intimacy. Even a political opponent is beyond criticism till one can understand how a human mind can have reached his conclusions and been content with them—till we have iden-

tified ourselves with him. What are we to say of a personality which represents no mere movement of a day, but the gradual and progressive transformation of the world, of the individual and society? Some deeper identifica-

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tion of critic and criticised seems needful in such a case. It was from an intimacy that it began; in an intimacy it has gone on, and goes on; and only in an intimacy can it be judged aright.

SOCIAL FEARLESSNESS.

In the handicap of life social fearlessness is an immense advantage. It is almost the equivalent of birth. The strange thing is that it should be so uncommon. A small amount of reflection should encourage even the most arrant social coward. Society is the only place in which courage is actually a protection. Roughly speaking, no harm can happen to us if only we are not afraid. Intrepidity implies almost no risk. Yet how few of us can say to ourselves that our hearts have never sunk in a new social atmosphere, or that we have never lost our heads in the presence of those persons who cultivate the repute of social greatness and dread. But there are a few men and women to whom social fear is unknown. We can all call to mind some such. They belong to many types and to all ranks of life.

Some of the socially fearless are among the most lovable characters in the world. There are a few childlike natures who retain for ever an instinctive trust in humanity. They seem always to be in sympathy with their company. They know how to disarm the world. As a rule, there is something in their attitude towards strangers which we can only describe as deference; but their deference, like that of children, lies very close to dignity. They pay it instinctively to every one, to rich and poor alike, as the best-mannered children pay it. They never, as we say, let themselves down; yet they seem always to be look-

ing up. There is something in them of the very spirit of youth, and they have always the supreme charm of happiness. Men say that they are lucky; it would be truer to say that they are gifted.

But it is not only the good who are fearless, though the world, with its instinctive desire to give admiration, would like to think so. Even socially the notion is a fallacy. There are plenty of bullies who love to strike terror and plenty of thick-skinned persons into whom one only wishes that terror could be struck; plenty also of men and women to whom social life, though fate obliges them to take part in it, is a matter of such small importance as to be impotent to rouse any emotion whatever. Of course there are a great variety of thick skins. Some insensitive people are attractive and very restful. They do not need to be considered; they take things as they come. They do not notice this person's airs, or that person's ungraciousness. Differences of atmosphere are not recognized by them. Their notion of social intercourse is to answer when you are spoken to, speak when you have something to say, and ask what you want to know. On this principle they get through their social lives very comfortably, and on the whole they find society very pleasant and interesting. Any snub they may get they innocently put down to the ill manners of the snubber, and, for themselves, they never hurt any

one except by accident. Other thick-skinned persons are, however, nothing but a nuisance. No one can abate them. They always come where they are not wanted. They push into every enclosure, no matter the reason of its reservation. They pay to all above them the sometimes unpalatable and always unwholesome compliment of constantly seeking them. There is a form of social brute-courage which generally belongs to the most complete snobs and the most expert brain-pickers. They try to share in joys with which the stranger should not intermeddle, and offer sympathy for sorrows of which the afflicted persons were hoping that they did not know. They are a ceaseless source of annoyance to strangers, and of shame to their intimates. "The worst of her is that you can't offend her," said a poor woman not long ago to the present writer, as she described a socially fearless neighbor who left her neither peace nor privacy.

Neither of these types means any harm. Among the socially fearless, however, there are some really ill-natured and cruel people. For them, as a rule, social life is the whole of life. Not to know its minutest rules, or to ignore them by reason of other cares, is a crime, and the punishment of such crime is sport. Nearly always they get on in the world, or one might say they have got on. Their arrogance is usually the outcome of success. Just now and then, when they have rendered a shy person desperate with fright, they get a blow back which lookers-on hope they may really feel, but anyhow they have too much courage to show it. Outside criminality, there is perhaps no study in the world so destructive of sympathy and judgment as the minute study of social custom, with all its ramifications and its bearing on social grade; and when it is attained there is no knowledge

in the world so ephemeral and despicable. Yet to how many social strugglers is it the crown and seal of their triumph. No doubt there are a few people who, born where social knowledge seems to come by instinct, overrate their birthright, and enjoy it most when it is made conspicuous by contrast; but they are rare. There are some socially fearless people, who, because they startle the timid, are occasionally confused with the unkind, who simply go on the principle of saying and doing as they like. If they are men and women of goodwill, they are among the most wholesome of social elements. They accord the liberty they demand. The higher up in the world they are, the more good they do. They destroy the game of the student of fashion, make straight the path of the able ignorant, and keep the social waters sweet with movement.

Inevitably the greater number of the socially fearless are to be found among the highly placed. There is, of course, a purely physical terror of a crowd to which we believe certain people in every rank of life are equally subject. To them a sense of hostility comes with numbers, and if chance places the crowd-shy person in a conspicuous position among a number of eyes, he has a sense of almost unbearable discomfort. A man or woman may be socially fearless—that is, may be able to face any social dilemma or any change of social circumstance with absolute calm—and yet be quite unnerved by a sudden sense of conspicuousness among a concourse of people. Social courage is susceptible of no such test, any more than physical courage can be judged of by tolerance or intolerance of heights. Putting aside this constitutional form of shyness, it is difficult to see why the very highly placed should ever feel any social fear. Can one imagine a shy King? Is it possible that Royalty may sometimes feel shy

in their desire to put other people at their ease? Do the very great sometimes turn cold and stiff as they realize that they have failed to charm away *hauteur* which may have a humble origin, or an awkwardness which hides first-rate ability, or when they have failed—for once—to render transparent that opaque social barrier through which, if they love human nature, they would often like to examine the real man? A baffled desire to please is a fruitful source of shyness, and that desire may spring, and in gracious natures does spring, from benevolence and intelligence as well as from self-seeking and folly. We sometimes wonder whether a new shyness may not have attacked the socially great of late years. They do not live any longer exclusively among themselves. Are they ever rendered shy by the atmosphere of criticism which the newcomer must bring with him? If we may believe their own account—their social biographies and published letters—they have changed considerably in manners and customs. In deference, one wonders, to what emotion?

Of all the people who ought by all the rules of logic to be socially fearless, we should put the social artist first. We mean the person whose whole

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pleasure is in the drama of life, and whole delight is to express his impressions. Oddly enough, this is not the case. The man or woman who ought to accept even disagreeable social experience gladly, as so much grist to his or her mill, is often very fearful. Even that rarest of all things, the consciousness of genius, has no power to strengthen the shaking social knees, though, like Henry IV., their owners may not give in, but pursue their end in gallant terror. Take the Brontës as a case in point.

More of those flood-tides which lead on to fortune are missed through social fear, we should imagine, than through any other single cause. Let their powers be what they may, few men, be they laborers or princes, and no women can afford to do without favor. How many people with courage to analyze their own failure must trace it to social fear? Can social courage be cultivated? About as much, we imagine, as courage in any other form. Some men are born timid and some fierce, some fearful and some friendly. We cannot alter our nature; but, roughly speaking, the majority of those who have undergone drill and discipline not only do best at the moment of danger, but suffer least.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The man who remains indifferent to religion at this moment when the very novelists are calling him towards it, must be deaf indeed, but the call of the Rev. Dr. T. Calvin McClelland's "The Mind of Christ" should penetrate the consciousness of almost any reader. The author's effort is to show, by carefully grouped and expounded citations, exactly what Our Lord believed of his Father, of Himself, of man, sin, salva-

tion, prayer and immortality. The proof of Our Lord's idea of God, how a man may come to know God, and the seriousness of believing in the fatherhood of God are the subjects of the eleven discourses composing the volume. The author's endeavor, as stated in the preface, is so to exhibit Christianity that it will be acceptable to those who desire a belief that will take possession of them, holding them not only by the heart but also by the

mind, and cannot find it in any of the creeds as formally stated. It is not to make converts for record, but truly to present his Master that he has written. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Those who learned to love Poe in the days before it became a branch of trade to be familiar with him, do not greatly care to know all the details exhumed or manufactured since that time, and Mr. Eugene L. Didier's "The Poe Cult," contains much which will be new to them. Happily, Mr. Didier, himself nurtured on the prose and poetry of Poe, assimilated his work long before he began to disturb himself about the author's life. When he attacked the question in earnest, his natural anger as he uncovered the various strata of slander, false witness and stupidity, transformed his warm but tranquil admiration into advocacy and Poe has had no better friend among his biographers. It would be too much to say that he is always judicious. Nevertheless Mr. Didier's book is valuable because it names and ranges those who have written on Poe during the last thirty-five years, thus giving a key to the shifting of the popular estimate of him. The papers have been published as occasion arose and occasional slight repetitions are visible, but any attempt to shape the papers into a single study would probably have caused the loss of much that is interesting, and not elsewhere accessible. The book is the proper pendant to every set of Poe, and to all the worthy biographies. The touching dedication to the memory of the author's only son gives the book a touch of tender grace sure to linger in the memory and to attract sympathy. Broadway Publishing Company.

Mr. James R. Thursfield occasionally reminds the readers of his "Nelson and

other Naval Studies" that he is a civilian, but that accident is by no means inconsistent with a species of criticism acting both as a restraint upon ill judged enthusiasm in martial matters and as an incentive to vigilant seizure upon every detail of character or of conduct. His volume is composed of four Nelson and Trafalgar essays, one putting a new face upon the battle; one upon Duncan, the man of one great action; and one upon Paul Jones, who is treated with rare generosity. The rest of the book is devoted to contemporary matters, "The Dogger Bank and its Lessons," "The Strategy of Position," "The Attack and Defence of Commerce," "The Higher Policy of Defence," and a preface discussing the question of possible invasion and proper defence. The essay on Jones appears in this book for the first time, and brings forward a biography written by the younger Disraeli and published by Murray in 1825. Jones, as a doer of the apparently impossible, an adventurer mingling with the great on equal terms, a masterly manager of men, his tools, naturally attracted the future Prime Minister. Mr. Thursfield grants him the wisdom to anticipate Clerk of Eldin, and Captain Mahan in his theories, and the ability to baffle the diplomacy of England, and protests that he needs no more defence for serving the colonies than was necessary for Franklin and Washington. The airship is not considered at all, having come into prominence since the book went to the printer. Even without the paper on Jones, the book could not be an object of indifference to an American convinced of the importance of a navy to his own country. It is written with spirit yet with grave steadiness and is a reassuring volume to those vexed by the outcry of the English, "Dishonor without peace." E. P. Dutton & Co.

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INTERNATIONAL AND NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

By Prof. Dr. Adolf Harnack.